

The Australian

AUGUST 12, 1953

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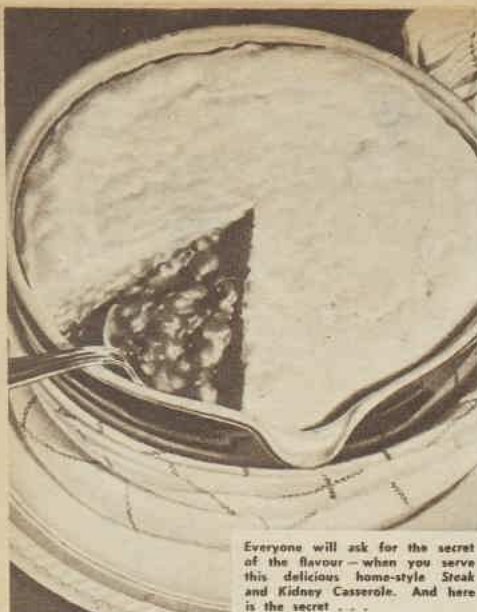
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

AUGUST 12, 1953

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Vol. 21, No. 11

NO MORE DEATH IN KOREA

THE long-delayed news of peace in Korea arrived at last in a world grown weary with waiting for it.

There have been few celebrations.

In fact the peace scarcely seems like peace when the qualification is still "if all goes well."

Everyone accepts as a necessity President Eisenhower's reminder that this means an armistice won on a single battleground—not peace in the world.

But his statement: "I am glad this war is over, and I hope my son is going to come home soon," will be appreciated by all women.

Women are inclined to take the personal view, and their role in life conditions them to endure whatever has to be endured and to look on the bright side.

So to all women, the news of the armistice meant primarily the simple fact that men are no longer being called upon to kill and to give their lives in defence of the right.

To the kin of the Australians who served with such honor in Korea the news meant a prayer of thanks, then the flooding joy of anticipated reunion. And for those whose beloved dead lie in the bleak Korean battlegrounds, the peace came too late.

To many people the Korean war was a little war. But to anyone who had someone there, it was as big and terrible a war as any in the world's history.

Inspiring story of parents' fight for spastic

Book review by
AINSLIE BAKER

AFTER reading "Karen," most people will agree that in this account of the daily life of an ordinary middle-class American family they have come face to face with a brand of courage which makes that needed to conquer Mount Everest pale into insignificance.

Karen, whose mother, Marie Killilea, wrote the book, is a spastic victim of cerebral palsy. The story is about how Marie and her husband, Jimmy, fought to educate Karen to the uttermost limits of her capabilities, while providing their other four children with a happy, normal, and richly affectionate home life.

One of the things to earn greatest admiration is the sane and capable way the Killileas set about solving their ever-increasing problems.

"In raising Karen there were many things to guard against other than physical deformities," her mother writes.

"The dangers sprang from a number of sources: Karen had to have a great deal of our undivided attention. She had little opportunity to 'do' for others, and for the same reasons she was constantly being 'done for.' She was very limited both in experience and occupation. There was scant opportunity for her to have responsibility as a member of the family unit."

The Killileas refused to think of Karen's physical disabilities as a handicap, but considered she would have been hopelessly handicapped if she became spoiled, self-centred, self-pitying, selfish, or dictatorial.

Mrs. Killilea sums up thus the philosophy that

Our cover:

● For this special fashion issue we chose for our cover a picture of a Paris mannequin modelling a delicate dress, which emphasises femininity and the sheer joy of springtime. It was designed by the master hand of Christian Dior. The flowery structure of the frame around the picture was created by our artist Arthur Boothroyd.

This week:

● On page 11 you will find details of an invitation we are making to readers to tell us what they like, don't like, or would like to see included in this paper. Our phenomenal circulation tells us clearly that we suit a lot of people, but if there is any way we can please you more we will be delighted to hear.

Next week:

● It is amazing the way slip-covers can transform a room and convert an old-fashioned or shabby chair into something you are proud to have in the house. However, to have them made professionally is an expensive business, and, though people may have told you that covers are easy to make at home, you possibly feel a little dubious of your ability to do so. In a special feature next week we tell you clearly and exactly how to make them. There are six pages in all devoted to this subject of loose covers, and you will also be able to garner many ideas for redecorating your house so that it will be crisp and fresh for the summer.

● The diplomatic population of Canberra always seems to be changing—it is a fundamental of the diplomatic life to be ready to move from place to place in the service of one's country. Over the past six months or so the number of changes in the ambassadorial and legation staffs at the national capital has been unusually large. Next week we have a spread of color pictures on the new diplomats' wives, who are now settling in to their fresh environment.



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EACH BRIGHT RIVER

By
Mildred Materson
McNeilly

Early American pioneers were defiant, fearless types, and the women of the period matched them. Even the Carolina belle, Kitty Gatewood, quickly adapted herself to the rigorous conditions in Oregon. She went there to look up her fiancé; she stayed to shoulder new responsibilities and to embrace new romance.

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TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

The note of triumph on which it ends will prove an inspiration not only to those close to the problem of cerebral palsy but to all who sometimes doubt their ability to find a solution to their worries.

Published by The World's Work. Our copy from Angus and Robertson, Sydney.



Mother's Day

BY HILARY HAYDEN

"IT'S a beautiful day," Martha said brightly. "Just the kind of day when things happen—nice things, I mean. Anybody want more toast?"

Evidently nobody did, because nobody answered.

She tried again.

"Our new neighbors are foreigners—new Australians, I mean. They've a terrible name with a lot of Spikes and Skivs in it, but awfully nice—the people, I mean. There's a boy your age, Gem."

Gem's pale face flushed.

"Mother, I'm quite satisfied with my life as head librarian at the School of Arts. Do please stop trying to marry me off. I didn't slave for my B.A. to waste it in a kitchen."

Her father lowered his paper.

"Just as well for you your mother's no B.A."

I could have been, Martha thought fiercely. I wanted it. I could have been an M.A. if I'd had the chance, but there was nobody to slave for me and save pennies to send me to a university.

She looked at her family. Kevin, handsome in a dark, moody way, was staring at his food with sullen eyes, and dabbling with it as if he despised breakfast, as perhaps he did after coming home in the morning for the third night in the week. Gem's blond curls glinted in a slab of sunlight as she bent over her plate, eating with steady determination but no enthusiasm. Her pointed, elfin face was pale—too pale.

She choked on a morsel of food, coughed, and cast a furtive glance round the table waiting for somebody to comment. Nobody did and she resumed eating, but there was a still look almost of fear on her face. Martha froze. Gem was afraid of something. Why would Gem be frightened?

"What on earth's gone wrong with you, Mum?" Brenda asked in her cool voice. "You look as if you're seeing ghosts. Did you say there was more toast?"

"I—I'll get it," Martha mumbled. Brenda was the biggest problem of them all—wanting to marry that loud-voiced, boastful footballer.

The screen door banged as if in a cyclone, and Ted rushed into the kitchen.

"Gee, Mum, you might have told me breakfast was on. I've been sweeping leaves for hours."

"You went out in the yard fifteen minutes ago," Martha said coldly.

"Have you finished?" Ted looked insulted.

"What's got into you, Mum? I'm hungry. Can't I finish some other time? Gee, what's the use of sweeping leaves, anyway? There's millions more plopping down from the trees."

"I'm cutting some of them down," his father boomed from the dining-room. "I've told you, Martha, over and over again, they only make a mess and take all the good out of the ground. I can't grow decent vegetables."

Martha walked back into the dining-room, the toast in her hands.

"If you cut down even one of those trees, William Gray, I'll leave you. As for you, Ted, stop whining and have your breakfast, not that you deserve any. You're too lazy and incompetent to make a job of sweeping up a few leaves."

She went back through the kitchen into the back garden and started to rake the leaves herself. The morning breeze swirled them through the teeth of the rake, and they fell rustling and sighing round her feet.

Martha loved the trees. From the dignified, secretive plane tree that occasionally in spring burst all its inhibitions to become a riot of scarlet blossoms to the mulberry that gave her shining rows of bottles on the pantry shelf filled with purple-red jelly—she loved them all. No doubt, she thought, William and Ted would spare the mulberry tree, remembering their stomachs.

She stood under the plane tree and patted it with her work-stained hands. "If you go, I go!" she said recklessly. Its leaves fell on her head like a gentle benediction. They slid over her face to the ground, skipping in the wind to meet the frisky boomerangs of the peach tree.

She had no doubt the peach tree would be spared too, because of its contribution to the pantry and the part it played in the lives of Ted and his gang when peaches were in season. She moved on, past the mango—it was safe, she knew—and paused by the tree of the golden leaf.

She could hear the excited twitterings of the birds. Doves, wagtails, sparrows, butcher birds, kookaburras

—all of them visited here because of the bird bath she had set under it.

She broke one of the sharp twigs in her hand. Soon the tender green of the new leaves would make the tree a two-toned forest. Yes, the *Olea chrysophylla* was Martha's showpiece.

"I'll buy a new frock," Martha said aloud. "To-day—in two shades of green."

She smiled at the birds, her eyes misted with tears she could not shed.

"Mum!" Brenda stooped looking at her with troubled eyes. "Are you all right?"

"Perfectly!" Martha said politely.

"Then if you don't mind, could I bring Bob home to dinner to-night?"

Martha raked furiously.

"Bring him home if you like if he doesn't mind salad and cold roast. I'm going to town."

Brenda looked relieved.

"Do you good, but for heaven's sake don't load yourself up with parcels the way you usually do. You'll meet with an accident one of these days, apart from looking foolish trying to carry more than you can."

"Indeed!" Martha remarked acidly. "Could you do some of the shopping, then? The vegetable markets are near the clinic."

Brenda shuddered.

"Have a heart, Mum. When I'm married, if I can't have deliveries Bob will have to do the shopping."

"Bye."

Martha watched her go. Of what use had been the slaving and saving

"It's all right," said Bob, holding the cabbage aloft like a football.

in Brenda's case? She was a qualified dentist, certainly, and was thought highly of at the clinic, into which had burst one day a hefty combination of brawn and muscle wanting a tooth extracted immediately, so that he could play with his team that afternoon.

Brenda had done the extraction—a difficult one—and because she had worried over a possible haemorrhage as a result of his playing football, she had gone out to the grounds to watch him, prepared for any emergency. There had been no emergency, unless falling in love was one.

"Mum!" Gem stood there, pale shadows on her face. "Dad and Kevin are having the dickens of a row."

Martha kept on raking.

"Aren't you going to do something about it?"

"No!" Martha said briefly.

She was tired of smoothing the paths of each member of her family. Let Kevin take what was coming to him, seeing he thought it clever to come home intoxicated—let his father work himself into such a righteous temper his digestion would be ruined and his work affected for the day seeing he thought it was such a good idea to cut down Martha's trees.

"Well," Gem said uncertainly, "I

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Sometimes a woman just can't cope with all the family problems

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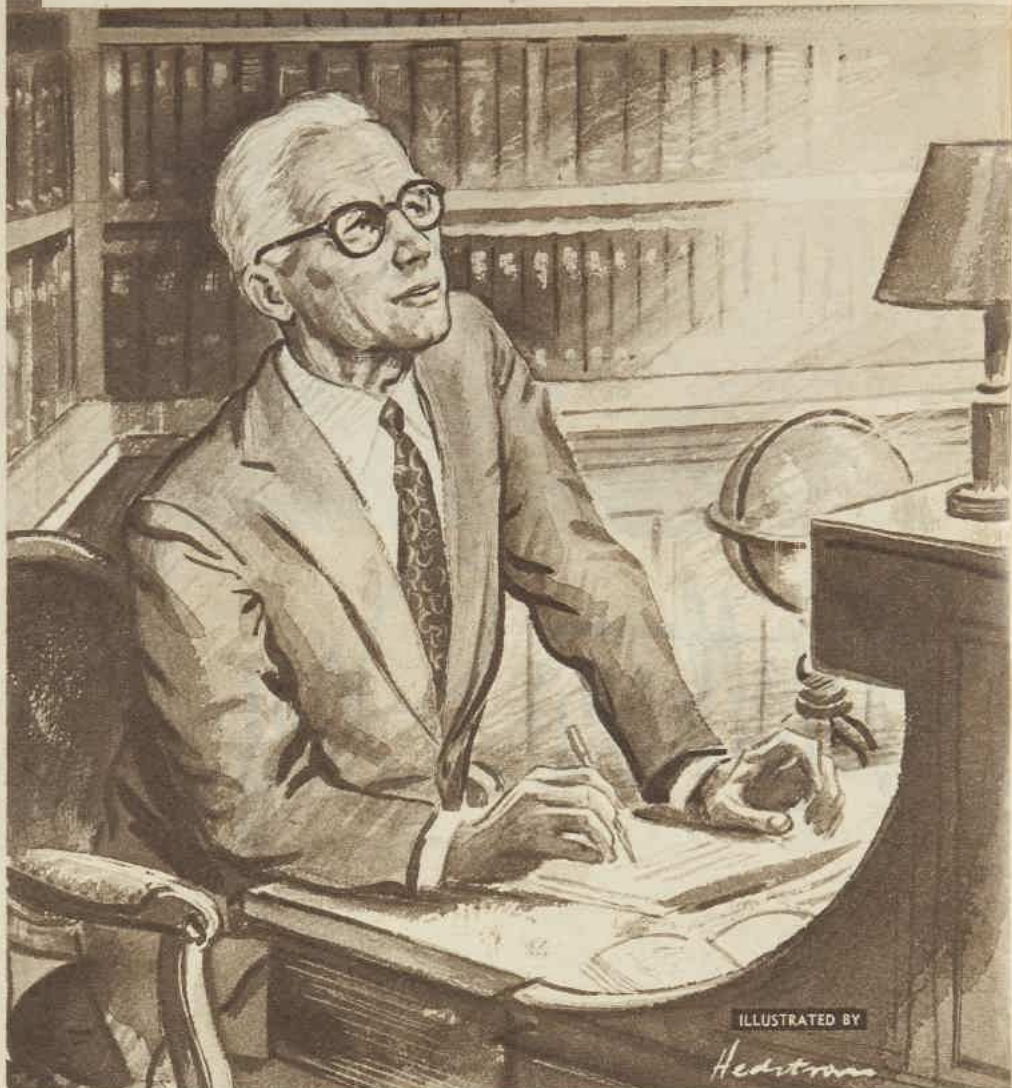
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JOHN DAVENANT was a bachelor almost seventy years of age and one of the most successful novelists of his own or any other era.

It is hardly necessary to add, therefore, that his small house in Mayfair was the acme of comfort for its owner, who awakened on a lovely June morning in the year 1952 to the pleasurable knowledge that his eighteenth—and almost certainly his last—novel had been published about an hour previously.

Its success was already assured, for prior to publication it had sold something over 50,000 copies, and two film studios were dicker for picture rights.

John Davenant rang the bell beside his bed and, like magic, the little house engaged the smooth, worn cogs of its machinery and began to minister to the comfort of its owner.

Mrs. Higgins, in the kitchen downstairs, checked the breakfast tray to verify that the orange juice was cold, the toast warm, and then, pouring freshly boiled water into the teapot, turned the tray over to her spouse, who carried it up two narrow flights of stairs, pausing on the way to pick up "The Times" and a pile of letters already sorted by Miss Pickering, the private secretary.

Higgins entered the novelist's bedroom in silence. It was nine o'clock and John Davenant allowed nobody to speak to

him before ten. He sat up in bed, sipped the orange juice, sniffed the fragrance of the tea, and sorted his mail.

At 9.30 Higgins indicated that the bath was ready. Closing the bathroom door after his employer, Higgins laid out a grey pin-stripe flannel suit, a cream soft shirt, a blue polka-dot tie, and grey socks.

For some thirty years such matters had almost always been left to his discriminating taste, with the result that John Davenant was by general consent one of London's best-dressed men.

Higgins was a contented man. As John Davenant's butler-valet-chauffeur, he had found a comfortable niche in life. He and his wife were well paid, they had excellent quarters, and, provided all went smoothly, a tolerably pleasant life.

For his part, Higgins disapproved of novelists in general and his own employer in particular, and did not hesitate to say so. "If people lived their own lives properly," he had told Davenant more than once, "they wouldn't have time to waste reading trashy novels."

Davenant allowed these outbursts to pass unrebuked. Indeed, he took pains to repeat them, for by so doing he enhanced his own reputation for tolerance.

As "the interpreter of his age," which a critic had once called him, he liked to be known for his tolerance, but he

After a strained silence, Davenant said, "Well, Higgins, have you nothing to say?"

forgot that in one of his earlier novels he had declared that "men love to have attributed to them the qualities they do not possess."

At ten o'clock John Davenant rang the bell. "Any telephone messages?" he asked.

"Mr. Halkin rang to say that he wishes to see you most urgently before lunch."

"Then telephone him that I shall be happy to see him here at eleven-thirty."

"Very good, sir."

"By the way, Higgins, to-day is publication day. I hope that you and Mrs. Higgins will help me drink a bottle of champagne at eleven o'clock. Just to wish the new book *Godspeed*, you know."

"Mrs. Higgins and I will be delighted, sir."

At eleven o'clock punctually, the Higgins' and Davenant, as they had on at least twelve previous occasions, drank success to the new book.

Davenant, reversing the usual order of things, opened the wine and served his servants. Then, crossing to his desk, he handed Higgins a signed copy of the new novel.

"Thank you, sir," he said. "We shall treasure this with all the others."

EVER PLAYED

By Robert Standish

"Treasure it, but not read it, eh?"
"Exactly, sir," replied Higgins with a grim smile. "I have a complete signed set of your first editions, sir."
"Must be worth a bit, I imagine."
"Six hundred and fifty pounds, sir."

It was quite obvious from the promptness of the reply that Higgins appreciated the commercial value of his employer's work.

"This," said Davenant, "is almost certainly my last book. As a personal favor, Higgins, would you tell me why you do not honor me by reading my novels?"

"I read your first five novels, sir," replied Higgins uncomfortably.

"Evidently they did not encourage you to continue. Why, Higgins, why?"

"I would have thought curiosity would have made you read them, even if you did not like them. I am interested. Does Mrs. Higgins feel the same?"

Mrs. Higgins nodded assent.

"We feel, sir, if I may make so bold, that you should write only of the upper classes—of the kind of people you understand, the kind you know."

"Meaning that you think I don't understand the others, is that it?"

"Exactly, sir!" said Higgins, taking a sip of wine. "Your working-class characters don't ring true, as you might say. You don't know what goes on in their minds."

"Mr. Higgins didn't ought to be talkin' to you like that, sir," said Mrs. Higgins.

Higgins had touched the novelist on the raw, for it was one of Davenant's pet conceits that he understood all kinds of men and women, even those far removed from him by birth, upbringing, and circumstances.

Not long ago, a somewhat ponderous literary critic had said: "Mr. Davenant is not only a first-class literary craftsman, which we have known for more than a generation, but his sensitive ear catches the pulse beats of the great inarticulate masses of his fellow-countrymen."

Referring to the hero of a recent novel, set in the slums of Bermondsey, the critic added: "It is hard to believe that Mr. Davenant, whose formative years were spent at Eton and Balliol, did not personally endure the horrors and hardships ascribed to Charlie Totbill."

"Nonsense, Mrs. Higgins," Davenant felt impelled to say. "I asked Higgins a plain question, and, like the honest man he is, he gave me a plain, unvarnished answer. Surely, after all these years, we don't have to pretend to each other?"

Then the doorbell rang.

"That will be Mr. Halkin, sir," said Higgins, making for the front door, while Mrs. Higgins disappeared with the tray.

Timothy Halkin, Q.C., as befitted one of the great legal figures of his day, was as a rule a calm and unruffled man, unless simulating high indignation for the benefit of a jury. But, as he was ushered into John Davenant's study, it was evident that he was seriously perturbed.

"I didn't expect to have Higgins open the door to me," he began.

"And pray why not?"

"Because, my dear John"—Tim Halkin waved under its author's nose the advance copy of the new novel sent to him several days previously—"in this last effusion of yours—you have behaved abominably to a faithful servant and an old friend. I'm ashamed of you—as ashamed and disgusted. If you found it necessary to use as a character a drunken, dishonest, black-

mailing butler, surely it was not necessary to call the man Higgins?"

"Calm yourself, Tim."

"I only hope, for his sake—and yours—that poor Higgins doesn't see the wretched book."

"Your hope is a vain one, Tim," said Davenant calmly, "because I just presented him with his usual signed copy. He possesses a complete set of my first editions, signed, which is more than I do."

"I suppose you realise, John," said Halkin soberly, "that if I were representing Higgins in a libel action, I would obtain damages against you in a sum which, with costs, would probably amount to as much as your profits from the book. You haven't a leg to stand on legally."

"Then, my dear Tim, go ahead and represent Higgins. Nothing would please me better. I suppose your curious etiquette insists that he brief you through a solicitor, but if you'd care to short-circuit all that, I'll ring for him now and let you point out to him the finer points of his legal position. Nothing would please me more, my dear chap. I'd much rather pay a thumping good fee to you than to some stranger."

"What's behind all this, John?" asked Halkin, hardly able to believe the evidence of his ears.

"Confidentially, Tim, I'll tell you. I'm glad you brought this up, because I know your advice will be invaluable. I never have understood legal jiggery-pokery."

"Nor have I, but continue."

"I shall probably make something between twenty-five thousand and fifty thousand pounds out of this book," began John Davenant.

"At least four-fifths of this sum will fall into one tax year, which means that there will accrue to me, net, only one-fortieth of the sum. Shall we say, one thousand pounds?"

"Which proves that you must have a large income on the side."

"I have, Tim. I've never discussed financial matters with you over the years we have known each other, but the fact is that over a long period of time, when income tax wasn't confiscatory, I made an immense income. Being a bachelor, and having nobody dependent on me, I applied most of my capital to buying annuities. My income, therefore, ceases at my death. Now you will appreciate that at the time when I bought these annuities, I did not and could not anticipate that Higgins and his wife would remain in my service for the rest of their lives, so I did not make any provision for them."

"What capital remained to me after buying the annuities is almost spent, and for the past years I have been extremely concerned at my inability to make provision for their old age, in the likely event that they survive me."

"After much soul-searching I came—reluctantly, I may say—to the conclusion that if I cannot provide for them at my own expense, I should do so at the expense of the Inland Revenue."

"Higgins, as I have told you, disapproves of my books and does not read them. But in a matter of days, or weeks at the most, someone they know will read the book and point out that Higgins has been scandalously libelled."

"I think I know enough of human nature to say that when a lawyer points out to him the advantageous position he is in, Higgins will sue for libel and obtain thumping damages. The larger the damages the better I

—and he—will like it. Doubtless, I shall have to endure a certain amount of sarcasm from the bench, but that is a trifle beside the comfort of knowing that Higgins and his wife will be able to live in comfort for the rest of their days."

"The damages and costs will be deductible from income, so everyone will be happy except, of course, the Inland Revenue, whose tear ducts ceased to function years ago. What do you think about it?"

"As a barrister, John, I don't want to be mixed up in it. As a friend, I think you have been ingenious, quite unscrupulous, and may easily get away with it. But I warn you that the sooner Higgins and his wife leave this house, the better for you."

"Let the Inland Revenue get the idea that there is anything collusive about this, and they would at once send the papers in the case to the Director of Public Prosecutions. You would then be very lucky if you didn't find yourself in the dock at the Old Bailey, with Higgins and his wife, charged with criminal conspiracy to defraud the Revenue."

"You may take it from me that if it emerged during or after the trial that Higgins and his wife were still in your employ, the consequences would be swift and unpleasant."

"I'm afraid that aspect of the matter has never occurred to me," said Davenant, with a horrified expression on his face.

"To tell you the truth, I've always hoped I would die before either Higgins or his wife. I doubt whether I could face life without them. I—I wouldn't know how to begin. Hotel and restaurant food would kill me in three months, and—well, Higgins knows all my little peculiarities."

"He'll know another of them soon, and when he goes off to consult his lawyer, I suspect there will be certain finality about the way he slams the front door. Although I doubt whether you will derive any comfort from the knowledge; for an intelligent man you're the blindest fool I know. Why in thunder didn't you have a word with me before you launched this crackpot scheme of yours?"

"Because, Tim, I was aware of a certain illegality and didn't want to embarrass you by involving you."

"You wouldn't have embarrassed me," said the barrister, adding grimly, "and you most certainly wouldn't have involved me. I should merely have pointed out the flaws in your scheme and you would have abandoned it forthwith. That's what friends are for, my dear chap."

"Why, when you have the opinion of a specialist available for nothing, act on your own judgment? If you had appendicitis you'd probably go to Joe Gilchrist—or would you try to take the blessed thing out yourself?"

"You may be a great pleader, Tim," said Davenant irritably, "but I'd be obliged if you will refrain from talking to me as though I were a subnormal schoolboy. You are like all specialists, my dear fellow; you see all problems in terms of your own profession."

"This is a human, not legal, problem, and I, even if I must say it myself, am generally conceded to have a reasonably profound knowledge of human nature. I did what I did with my eyes open, and I am not yet convinced that my judgment was at fault."

"Ye gods!" said Tim Halkin, his

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Higgins chose his words with great care. "It is extremely kind of you, sir, to have gone to such trouble."

MURDER

among those present

I was winter by the calendar, but autumn had lingered as it frequently does in Tasmania, and the trees still carried their gallant banners, while the berries gleamed red in the hedges of brier and hawthorn. I was feeling what I used to call "Pippa-ish."

Autumn has always brought to me a feeling of well-being far removed from the restless excitement of spring. I enjoyed my work in Sutton, I had recently announced my engagement to the town's most eligible bachelor, and I was smugly pleased with myself.

The day had passed uneventfully at school, and, with my day's work behind me, I hurried home eager for the good meal that I knew awaited me. Ailsa met me at the door, her small dark face alight with excitement.

"John and I will be able to come to the ball on Saturday, Noel," she greeted me breathlessly. "I have found someone to stay with Belinda."

I smiled back at her. There were times when Ailsa irritated me beyond measure by her passion for cleanliness, and by her unreasonable jealousy for her placid, easy-going John. On this day, however, I was pleased with life in general, and, as I smelt the appetising odors from the kitchen, I told myself how lucky I was to have found board with such a pleasant family.

During my first year of teaching at the school in Sutton, I had been forced to stay at the local hotel and found it a lonely and un congenial life. When Ailsa and John had suggested that I use their spare room and make my home with them, I accepted without hesitation. John was a stock and property agent, and worked most irregular hours. Ailsa, therefore, was glad of my company and I was glad of a comfortable home.

I was as pleased at Ailsa's news as she was herself. She dearly loved gaiety, but being, with all her faults, a conscientious mother, she was seldom able to enjoy an outing.

"Who is it?" I asked, throwing my hat and books on to the bed.

"You'll never guess; if you guess all night."

"Tell me, then, and save me the bother."

"Joy Thomas!"

I looked at her incredulously. "Joy Thomas? You must be joking. You don't mean to tell me that Joy is going to miss the first ball of the season."

"She is. I met her in the butcher's to-day and we arranged it all. She said she'd be glad to come. She asked if I minded if she had a friend with her and I told her that, provided she cared for Belinda properly, she could have half a dozen friends in."

I felt a stirring of misgiving. "Ailsa," I said slowly, "do you

think you are wise? You know quite well what a mix-up Joy is. Did she say who the friend was?"

"She didn't," confessed Ailsa. "I suppose," she added, noting my expression, "it's probably a man, but I don't think she'd neglect Belinda. She loves children."

That was true enough, so I let it go. After all, Belinda was Ailsa's responsibility. Feeling contrite for having marred her pleasure, I said on impulse, "Tony will be calling for me. If your car isn't back from the garage, you and John will be able to come with us."

She brightened at once and briskly resumed preparing the tea. What John's views on the matter would be I couldn't think, but once Ailsa had made up her mind he had little hope of opposing her.

The evening of the ball found our small home in a whirl of excitement. As a special treat Belinda had been allowed to stay up to see us leave and she darted breathlessly from one room to the other watching our preparations. The door-bell rang to announce Joy's arrival and Belinda, with a squeal of pure delight, flung herself upon her. I claimed the child while Joy took off her coat and then led them into the lounge, where a fire burned brightly.

While Ailsa finished her dressing, I talked idly to Joy. She was a youngster of about nineteen and certainly lovely enough to arouse the interest which she undoubtedly did among the men of the village, and equally, I suppose, the loathing of their womenfolk.

In a day when most women went to any lengths to torture their hair into curls and waves, she wore her pale, gold hair as a straight sleek cap framing the face which could assume at will the still mask of a madonna or the provocative pertness of the gamine.

There was nothing provocative about her at that moment as we talked conventionally of the weather and the ball. I smiled inwardly as I watched those perfectly modelled lips framing the most banal platitudes and listened to the common uneducated voice which uttered them. The contrast was ludicrous, and to stem the flow of small talk I offered her a cigarette.

She accepted it eagerly and, as she reached for it, I was conscious of yet another contrast. Her face and body would have filled any artist with delight, but, should she have ever modelled for one, I felt sure he would have asked her to sit on her hands. I looked at them with distaste—greedy, grasping little hands, clutching rapaciously at all life had to offer, from a free cigarette to another woman's husband.

When the others entered the room, I noticed a flicker of interest dawn in John's eyes as they met Joy's and knew that Ailsa had noticed it too.

She glanced at me and shrugged slightly, but merely said pleasantly, "Good-evening, Joy. Didn't your friend come?"

"Oh. She will come along later," Joy replied, and for a second her long, green eyes gleamed oddly before she quickly veiled them.

"I see. Well, would you please make Belinda go to bed as soon as we leave? I've left supper ready for you in the kitchen. We won't be late home. I'm sure your mother wouldn't like me to keep you out too late."

"Oh. Mumm won't worry," Joy said easily. "She knows I can take care of myself."

Tony arrived at that moment and, after a few minutes' general conversation, we left. As we drove off, Ailsa commented to me, "Joy called her friend 'she,' so it must be another girl."

"I suppose so," I answered, but, remembering the gleam I had surprised in Joy's eyes, I felt uneasy.

The gaiety of the ball soon dispelled any vague unrest I might have felt, and I surrendered myself wholeheartedly to the enjoyment of the evening. My engagement to Tony was still recent enough to fill me with a sense of wonder and elation, and every outing we had together was an event.

I danced, as in duty bound, with all the local boys, but my eyes constantly sought his tall figure moving among the dancers and I rejoiced every time he came to claim me.

When we danced together I knew that we were a subject for comment. As usual, watchers of all ages were ranged around the room. Those who were too old or too young to dance gained a vicarious satisfaction from watching and discussing the dancers. Grandmothers and schoolchildren alike sat through the long evening with evident enjoyment, and I noticed that in one corner there was even a pram, its tiny occupant sleeping undisturbed through the din.

At the doorway stood the usual huddle of youths, studying the girls who had come unattached, and trying to summon sufficient courage to cross the floor and ask for a dance. I smiled at them all, feeling that my life was soon to become a part of theirs, for Tony was known and liked throughout the district and I was glad to think that through him I was soon to become one of them.

My sense of happiness and well-being embraced them all. No sixth sense warned me that these simple people and I were soon to be sharing a nightmare.

When the lavish country supper had been eaten and cleared away, Ailsa touched my arm.

"We will have to be going soon," she said. "That is," she added, "if I can drag John away. He never wants to take me out, but when I do get him out, I can't get him home again."



She sounded irritable and I followed her glance across the room to where John was dancing with Ann Graham, one of my fellow teachers and my closest friend. He was obviously enjoying himself thoroughly, but that was natural enough in Ann's company.

"When this dance is over," I soothed, "we'll all go."

"Poor Ailsa," commented Tony. "Jealousy like hers is a disease."

Despite her words, Ailsa had no difficulty in persuading John to leave, and soon we were on our way, the headlights of the car cutting two ribbons of light through the dark streets.

As Tony switched off the engine in front of the house we heard, in the sudden stillness, the clatter of a horse's hoofs on the dark road ahead of us, and I wondered idly who was riding home at that hour. Perhaps someone who had been to

the ball, and was returning to one of the outlying properties.

Belinda was sleeping peacefully, and Joy sitting placidly in front of the fire—as we had left her. She murmured vaguely that her friend had already gone home; accepted Tony's offer of a lift home herself and departed.

"Well, that's all right," said Ailsa in some relief. "Wonder who the mysterious friend was?"

I wondered, too, but was too sleepy to care.

Sunday was a lazy day for Ailsa and me, but John got to work early in his beloved garden. When he came in to lunch, he remarked that a horse had been tethered outside the night before, and I thought of the hoof-beats we had heard on the road. Joy's friend had evidently been the rider and Ailsa's curiosity was aroused again.

"Whoever could it have been?"

Beginning an unusual mystery serial by HELEN MACE



she wondered. "Let's think who lives out along this road. It can't have been a girl after all—the deceitful little puss! Perhaps it was one of the Kelly boys; or might it have been Vin Palmer? Oh, no! He'd never bother with a common little thing like Joy!"

"Be a bit of a joke if it was," commented John, grinning. "The lordly Palmers wouldn't be too pleased."

"Isn't Vin engaged to some girl in Hobart?" asked Ailsa, doubtfully. "So what?"

"John! I'm sure Vin Palmer is far too nice for that sort of thing. Don't you agree, Noel?"

I privately thought Vin Palmer a weak young fool who had been thoroughly spoilt all his life, and would do anything that happened to suit him, but I couldn't see him bothering with a long, cold, night ride on horseback. The scarlet roadster he customarily drove was much more in keeping with his tastes.

Ailsa, however, had a rather snobbish veneration for the wealthy

owners of the outlying properties, and, rather than upset her, I murmured acquiescence.

I was to spend the afternoon and evening at Tony's home. I was always happy there, for I loved both his elderly father and his tall, angular Aunt Bea, who alternately mothered and bullied both men for their own good.

* During the afternoon, I asked casually, "Did you deposit the local lorelei safely at her doorstep, darling?" and at his affirmative grunt, dismissed Joy and her petty mysteries to forgetfulness.

At recess time the next morning, the female members of the school staff gathered in my room for morning tea. Despite varying natures, we worked together in comparative harmony. We were fortunate in our headmaster, Mr. Marsh. In addition to being an excellent teacher with a personal integrity which affected the whole school, he was thoughtful and considerate. His wife, too, herself an ex-teacher, was friendly and helpful to the staff.

My friend Ann was the infant

teacher. We had been together at school and in training college, and I had been delighted when I heard of her transfer to the school at the beginning of the year.

Ann had been equally pleased, especially as her mother's brother was the local solicitor, and she had, therefore, been able to settle satisfactorily the country teacher's main problem—that of securing a pleasant boarding place.

The third member of our trio was a local girl, Sylvia Kennedy. She was a few years our senior, and, contrary to usual departmental practice, had been stationed at the school for several years. She had an invalid mother, who was partly dependent on her, and this provided her with an excuse for staying in her home-town.

Her real reason for wishing to do so, I sometimes felt, was not to be with her mother, whom she regarded as a burden, but to be near Ron Kelly, the son of one of the smaller farmers. She and Ron had

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"I can't think what's become of Joy. She should have been here long ago," I told Tony as we settled down to wait.

had what she called "an understanding" for a considerable time.

I wondered, rather uncharitably, just what the understanding consisted of, for I doubted very much whether they understood each other. Ron was, to me, merely a magnificent young animal, with the uncertain temper of one of his father's prize bulls—which he rather resembled—and I could not imagine Sylvia, with her brooding, bitter nature and her tortuous mind, ever being really happy with him.

Ann and I felt sorry for her, but could not really like her. She, on her part, was inclined to be jealous of both of us. Ann, herself of squatter stock, had several relatives and connections among the owners of the outlying properties, and because of my friendship with her I had, since her arrival, been welcomed into the homes of people who, the previous year, had been unaware of my existence.

Sylvia, however, had lived in the district all her life without achieving any degree of intimacy with them, and she resented our doing so. She suffered from the inverted snobbery which can find virtue only in the lowly, and she frequently made spiteful and unnecessary references to our "society friends."

On that particular Monday morning, however, we amicably discussed school topics until the conversation drifted to the ball of the previous Saturday. We had all three been present, and were comparing our impressions. Both Ann and I had enjoyed ourselves and voted it one of the best balls we had attended. Sylvia, on the contrary, was full of criticism.

"Didn't you enjoy it?" asked Ann. "I noticed you and Ron left early."

"Oh, Ron was tired, and he had

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Cruise for a Husband

By
FLORENCE J.
SOMAN

There appeared to be four possibilities. She had originally intended to take on all-comers, letting the chips fall where they might, but now, in a sweeping decision, she decided that a dissipation of strength would result only in four ineffectual skirmishes instead of one decisive victory. The thing to do was concentrate.

She ruled out two of the young men at once—they lived in Brisbane and she lived in Melbourne. The third, a young doctor, was discarded reluctantly because she had seen him kiss a very pretty blonde good-bye on the wharf.

That left Scott Drew. He was an architect, tall and good-looking, and he lived in Melbourne.

It was easy enough to meet him; Susan was very pretty. The other three young men seemed interested, too, but she kept her gaze trained steadily on Scott. Finally the others drifted away.

Scott was bright; he had a good sense of humor; he was very attractive indeed. He hardly left her side as the days passed, although there were other pretty girls aboard.

They danced and played deck tennis together; when they reached Cairns they sailed in the harbor, lolled on the sand, and went fishing in the reef waters.

He was such a gay and charming companion that Susan was exasperated with herself when Bill's face, with its pleasantly craggy features, kept floating up between them.

Resolutely she faded it out by laughing up at Scott, linking her arm in his, suggesting another drink, another dance. This is fun, she kept insisting to herself over and over, and Scott seemed to feel it, too.

But there was a faintly irritating sense of inconclusion about it all. They had fun, but their romance stalled.

The ship finally turned around and headed for home. They arrived on a clear, fine day and, as the ship began nosing toward the wharf, Susan stood at Scott's side.

Scott was full of plans for city dates and Susan could not help congratulating herself. For once, she thought, I played it right.

And then Scott cleared his throat. "Maybe I should have told you this before," he said, "but I didn't want to spoil anything." He looked down at her, smiling rather painfully. "The truth is, Susan, that I'm married."

She stared at him. He seemed to swim feebly before her eyes. "Married?" she whispered.

"Separated, that is," Scott added hastily. "My wife won't give me a divorce. I didn't think it would matter too much to a girl like you. You seem so gay and free, Susan, so modern in your attitude toward life."

"Gay and free," she thought dully, staring up at him, "that's me. I guess I'll always be gay and free."

He was talking but she didn't hear him. Finally, she realised that he

had excused himself to see about his luggage.

She stood motionless by the railing. Married. And she had given him the best fourteen days of her life. She looked up and saw the two Brisbane boys close by. She had discovered only this morning that they were moving to Melbourne in October. Now they were being clutched firmly by two girls with triumphant eyes.

There was a movement at her side. She turned. It was the young doctor she had discarded so reluctantly at the beginning. "Hi," he said.

"Hi," Susan said in a leaden voice. She remembered the pretty blonde on the dock. "I suppose you'll be happy to see your fiancée again."

He frowned. "My who?" "The pretty blonde. You kissed her good-bye when we sailed."

"Oh," he said. "That was my sister."

Susan straightened. "Really?" Maybe she could extricate something from the wreckage after all.

He turned to leave, smiling. "Have to go down," he said. "I promised to help Dodo with her bags."

"Ah, yes," Susan said. She cleared her throat bravely. Dodo, she remembered, was the redhead with the wonderful shoulders.

Alone, she stood motionless, a pinched look round her mouth. All that money, she thought, and what have I got to show for it? Two prizes for deck tennis, a few freckles, that was all. She wanted to cry.

She picked up her bag and started down toward the wharf.

Half-way, she saw Bill. Something warm, very tender flooded her heart, but she felt despair, too. It was strange, but he didn't look so quiet or reserved.

His eyes were glowing with a new warmth; his mouth was parted as if he were having trouble with his breathing. The moment she was on the wharf he threw his arms around her violently.

"Susan," he said hoarsely in her ear. "I thought you were never coming back. I missed you so wretchedly."

Susan closed her eyes. She felt choked with love. She couldn't say anything at all.

"I never knew how much I loved you," he said, "until you went away. What have we been waiting for, darling? Why don't we get married?"

Susan's eyes opened; they were shining, luminous. "Oh, Bill," she whispered. She felt a swelling inside her, deep and full. "Why not, indeed?"

In the taxi, Bill shook his head. "I thought of you all the time," he said, and then in surprise, "What's so funny?"

"Nothing," she said, her eyes still shining. But she couldn't stop grinning. She had just thought of something about the cruise. It had been expensive; nothing had turned out the way she expected. But she had made every minute count, after all.

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Scott never left her side. They played tennis, swam, and went fishing together.



ILLUSTRATED BY
Tompton

SUSAN didn't take a holiday that summer. She kept praying that Bill Ames would ask her at last to marry him, and then they could blend both holidays into a honeymoon.

Only Bill didn't ask her. He saw her three times a week, as usual, and telephoned on the other days; he seemed to love her in his quiet, reserved way. Only he didn't ask her.

And at the end of the summer—which marked the end of a year of Bill—Susan came to the bleak conclusion that he never would.

Susan was miserable about it. But that autumn she took a deep breath and decided that the only sensible thing to do was to start seeing other young men.

She didn't want to, particularly. She loved Bill.

But it was time, she thought, that she used her head instead of her heart. She wasn't getting any younger (she was twenty-three), and she wanted a home and children. Life was passing her by.

Only then, when she looked around her, she found that she didn't know one young man except Bill. During the past year she had let all the others melt away. It was a shocking situation.

She decided that, in one inspired move, she would widen her horizons, meet young men, and try to put Bill out of her mind. She would take a cruise. And so, that September, she took most of her savings from the bank, informed her boss that she was taking off two weeks, and signed up for a trip to the Barrier Reef.

Susan was a gentle girl, trusting in her nature, but as she went up the gangplank she felt as grim as a general mapping out invasion plans.

This was an expensive cruise, and she was going to make every minute count. She would not waste her time thinking of Bill; instead, she would concentrate on other men. She had been a fool long enough.

And then the glamor of the ship and its holiday atmosphere folded around her. After she had inspected her stateroom she came out on deck with a lift in her heart. She was part of this! For fourteen wonderful, wonderful days she was going to have fun.

For seconds a treacherous thought seized her that this might have been a honeymoon with Bill. That instead of being alone she might have been standing here with Bill, his hand over hers where it rested on the rail, his eyes catching hers with the love she had never seen in them.

But then she put the wretched thought aside. She had cut herself loose from Bill forever. He was unworthy. She was free, suddenly, and the world was before her. This was adventure . . . heaven . . . matrimony! She would think of Bill no more.

But it wasn't so easy the first day; Bill kept coming into her mind. Be smart, she pleaded with herself; think of your future—find somebody else.

And so she looked around her, sat on the deck, gazed at the available young men.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - AUGUST 12, 1953

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Continuing

Murder Among Those Present

from page 7

to be up early for the milking," said Sylvia sulkily.

"I suppose it is a long way for him to come," I suggested. "How does he usually come in to the dances?"

"Rides, of course. His father won't let him have the car—selfish old beast!"

Neither Ann nor I commented, so she changed the subject. "I saw Mr. and Mrs. Walters there. Who minded Belinda for them, Noel?"

Joy Thomas.

"Her!" Sylvia sneered. "I wondered where she was. I didn't think anything short of a broken neck would keep her away from a ball—but I suppose that's too much to hope for!"

Both Ann and I were stupefied at this unexpected outburst. Noticing our expressions, Sylvia pulled herself up with a jerk and, muttering something about being on playground duty, left the room hurriedly.

"What do you suppose all that sound and fury signifies?" I queried.

"Ron trouble, I imagine," said Ann lightly. "He really does cause her an awful lot of worry."

"These jealous women give me a pain," I said unsympathetically. "They make life a misery for themselves and everyone else."

The bell for the end of the recess rang noisily, and we went off to take our respective squads for physical training.

The following Friday was the end of the month and our pay cheques arrived. Pay day was always welcome, but I had been looking forward to this one with more than usual pleasure, for I had decided to be extravagant.

Carter's, the local store, had a clothing department far above average. It was controlled by Mrs. Carter herself; a small, birdlike woman with an almost inspired flair for dresses. She carried the normal stocks required for a country town, but she also imported frocks from the mainland and, as she was a shrewd buyer, you could often find in her small showroom a model that would have done credit anywhere.

One such frock had been displayed in her window for the past few weeks and I had coveted it for the same length of time. It was a truly lovely gown of velvet in a soft green that suited beautifully the coloring which had branded me as "Carrots" in my childhood, and it would, I thought, be perfect for those semi-formal evenings of bridge or music that enlivened our winter months.

It was a far more expensive frock than I could really afford, but I had decided that, for once, I would let my head go, and it was with something approaching excitement that I hurried towards the store after school closed. I glanced in the display window with a possessive smile and my heart lurched sickeningly. There was an empty space in the centre of the window.

Cursing myself for not having asked Mrs. Carter to keep it for me, I burst into the store and my fears were realised. Neatly folded among

sheets of tissue paper, my treasure was even then being wrapped.

"Oh, Mrs. Carter, you've sold it!" I wailed involuntarily.

"Yes, Miss Vicary," she said, looking up and smiling cheerfully. "Joy here has just bought it. I'm sorry."

The girl at the counter turned around and I looked in amazement into the oddly smiling green eyes of Joy Thomas.

"Did you want it, too, Miss Vicary?" she asked in mock sympathy. "It is pretty, isn't it?"

I was still amazed. Certainly, with her slim figure and unusual coloring, Joy would look like a wood nymph in that frock, but when and where would she wear it, and, greatest mystery of all, how could she possibly afford it? She worked only when and as it suited her and had drifted from one position to another ever since I had known her.

"Why, Joy!" I blurted. "You must have won a lottery!"

My rudeness did not trouble her. Perhaps she was accustomed to rudeness in that community where she was so vehemently criticised. "There are other ways of getting money, Miss Vicary," she murmured evenly.

"Yes, of course. Are you in a good job now?" I pursued, my curiosity getting the better of my manners.

"I'm back at the hotel for a while, but I think I might go to Hobart soon. A girl has better chances there, don't you think?"

I THOUGHT

Joy quite possibly might have a better chance in a city, where she would arouse far less criticism and dislike than in a small town.

"I know a girl there who would help me to find a good job," she continued, "and later on Mum and Ernie could come down, too." Her face softened, as it always did when she spoke of her young brother. "He could get better medical attention down there. Not meaning any offence to Dr. Gray, Miss Vicary," she added hastily, "but there's big hospitals there and specialists and all. Maybe they could make him right."

"If Ernie can be fixed up, he's going to be," she finished with a sudden hardening of her lips. "What hope has Mum got of ever doing anything for him, scrubbing floors and cleaning out the school and 'obliging' the women in this one-horse town? None at all! If anything's to be done for him, I'll have to do it."

"Your change, Joy," interrupted Mrs. Carter.

"Oh, Thanks, Mrs. Carter. Good-bye. Good-bye, Miss Vicary." She swung out.

"Queer girl that," commented Mrs. Carter. "She's no good, I'll be bound, but she's certainly fond of that half-wit brother of hers. Funny, she's been spending quite a bit of money lately. Brought Ernie in here yesterday and bought him a whole new outfit. Paid cash for it, too. Of

course, the girls at the hotel are well paid and they often get good tips. Oh, well! Sorry you was disappointed, Miss Vicary. Was there anything else you fancied?"

There wasn't, and I left the shop. My first disappointment had faded and I was busy with thought of Joy.

Her brother Ernie was one of my pupils. He was not a half-wit, although you could never convince the villagers of that. He was a thin, nervy little boy and subject to epileptic fits. He was definitely retarded and was older than the rest of his classmates, but I felt sure it was his physical rather than his mental disabilities that made him seem sub-normal.

I found him very little trouble and I was fond of him. I doubted very much that Joy's efforts on his behalf would be attended by much success, but I wished her luck.

As I neared home, I became conscious of cantering hoofbeats behind me and drew to the side of the road. As the horse overtook me, it was pulled to a walk, and I glanced up at the rider. It was Millicent Palmer, elder sister of Vin; an arrogant young woman, supremely confident of herself, her family, and their status as the most choice of the chosen people.

She had, on several occasions, been gratuitously rude to me, and I disliked her intensely. On that particular afternoon she was pleased to be gracious.

"Good afternoon, Miss Vicary," she said, with the distorted accent which sometimes passes for cultured English. "Marvellous weather we're having for this time of the year."

"Very pleasant," I agreed, and watched her ride off. She undoubtedly rode well and looked her best on horseback, but I watched her with little admiration. For once I found myself agreeing with Sylvia in her estimate of our squatter families.

Ailsa, from the front room window, had seen our meeting and grinned at me as I entered.

"Good owl-ter-noon, Mrs. Walters," I mouthed in exaggerated mimicry. "Lovely weathah we're having."

Belinda looked up delightedly from her game on the floor. "Oh, Miss Vicary! You're talking just like the lady," she gurgled.

"What lady, poppet?" I asked, ruffling her dark curls.

"The lady that came to see Joy the night you and Mummy went to the dance. I woke up when she came and heard them talking, but they didn't know I was awake. The lady talked just like that."

Ailsa and I looked at each other incredulously. "Couldn't be," said Ailsa firmly.

"Well, she does live out along this road and she does ride a horse," I said thoughtfully.

"Yes, but what would she have to do with Joy? Not! It's just coincidence," affirmed Ailsa.

I had spent eighteen months in Sutton without much contact with Joy, but now she suddenly seemed to be constantly intruding into my life. A few days later she intruded

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

HOW DARE YOU INSULT MY MOTHER IN THE STREET BY NOT SPEAKING TO HER!



I DIDN'T INSULT HER, BUT THAT'S MY WEAKNESS



I NEVER FORGET NAMES, BUT I CAN NEVER REMEMBER A FACE



By RUD

Rud

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 12, 1953

Readers' opinion poll

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Address your letters to "Readers' Opinion," Box 4098 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

CORONATION SOUVENIR OFFER

In last week's issue we offered Australian Women's Weekly readers a special opportunity to obtain two beautiful color portraits of Queen Elizabeth II and the Duke of Edinburgh.

HOSTS of requests for several copies of this ideal Coronation souvenir have poured into the office from all parts of Australia. We urge readers to hurry because the limited supply will shortly be exhausted.

The pictures, which make a beautiful pair, measure 11in. x 13½in. and are printed on art paper, which makes them particularly suitable for framing.

The one of the Queen with the Duke of Edinburgh was taken just after the Coronation when the Royal couple stood on the balcony of Buckingham Palace to acknowledge the cheers of the massed crowd below.

Upon the wrist of her outstretched arm the Queen

wears a golden armill (or bracelet)—one of two placed round her wrists during the Coronation service by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Geoffrey Fisher.

The armills, gifts of the Commonwealth, represent "sincerity and wisdom," but as well acted as a glittering magnet for young Prince Charles, who a second later seized his mother's arm for a closer view of the broad gold band.

Gold, the Royal color, is repeated in the framework of the Imperial State Crown and the lavishly tasselled clasps of the Queen's robe. It occurs again on the gold-braided uniform of Admiral of the Fleet, worn by the Duke of Edinburgh on Coronation Day.

The other portrait is of the Queen alone.

It is the official one taken by court photographer Cecil Beaton and shows Her



Majesty in full Coronation regalia.

The serenity and beauty of the Queen's face dominate the photograph, even more so than the splendor of jewels, the richness of ermine, and the pomp of purple.

Well within her grasp are sincerity and determination for the future, matching the orb and sceptre held lightly, yet firmly, in her two hands.

Banners of Chivalry, hanging in the Henry II Chapel, Westminster Abbey, lend their faded color to the scene. Poised and mature, the Queen wears the white satin Coronation gown, glittering with diamonds and crystals and



pearls. It is a moment that will be recaptured for Her Majesty in memories, in talk, and in photographs.

This study by Cecil Beaton will certainly be kept by the Queen (as it will be by you) as a memory of Coronation Day, June the second, of the year 1953.

Each picture costs 5/-.

Readers wishing to obtain copies should write to The Australian Women's Weekly head office in Sydney enclosing the completed form and postal notes or a cheque for 5/- for each print required.

Pictures will be sent post free, enclosed in a cardboard cylinder for safe despatch.

Housework is hard ...until you find relief from BACKACHE

No wonder housework is hard ... no wonder there seems more to do than one pair of hands can possibly manage ... for backache turns the most ordinary tasks into weary toil. But when backache is due to sluggish kidneys, that is a trouble you can soon put right. Yes, soon ... because many women gain relief simply by relying on DeWitt's Pills. This diuretic medicine acts promptly to stimulate sluggish kidneys back to normal activity, so that harmful waste matter is properly expelled from the system. If you have this heavy burden of backache, De Witt's Pills come with the recommendations of grateful people all round you.



Read what Mrs. R. W. of Marrickville, N.S.W., writes:—

"I have been a sufferer for years with my back. A friend recommended me to try your pills—my pains vanished like magic and I feel quite young again. I can get about again and do my household work quite easily, a thing that has

been a trouble to me for years. Lasting relief, too! Fourteen years later Mrs. R. W. writes: "I am very pleased to tell you how well I am keeping owing to an occasional dose of your wonderful pills. I value them as my life!"

DeWitt's Pills

Made specially to relieve the pain of Rheumatism, Backache, Joint Pains, Sciatica and Lumbago. Prices 7/- and 4/-.

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4. Does not irritate skin. Can be used right after shaving.
5. A pure, white, stainless vanishing cream.



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☐ Copies

Official Cecil Beaton portrait of H.M. the Queen.

☐ Copy
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I enclose in payment for each print at 5/- each, post free.

Date

Name

Address

Youngsters 'go bush' at week-ends



AUSTRALIAN YOUTH HOSTEL ASSOCIATION MEMBERS enjoy a swimming lesson at a freshwater swimming-hole only ten minutes' walk from the association's hostel at Little Marley, in National Park, N.S.W., given by a member with life-saving qualifications.



RELAXING IN THE SUN outside Little Marley Hostel are (l. to r.) John Blunn, Peter White, Ellen Webb, and Bernard Crone (in background).

MELBOURNE MEMBERS Richard Ireland, Delia Maxwell, Jenny Wilson, and Mark Attyeo at the Bichino Hostel, one of the most popular in Tasmania (below).

● Throughout Australia thousands of young members of the Youth Hostels Association are spending the winter week-ends travelling over the country on bicycles, on skis, or on foot.

IN parties varying in numbers from three to 60, Youth Hostellers enjoy these excursions into the bush with a minimum of expense and a maximum of safety.

Hostel accommodation for a night costs only 2/6 and they may stay several nights.

Many members regard their Australian hostel experiences as a prelude to seeing other countries via the Youth Hostel organisation.

This year more than 400 members have set off for Europe, Canada, or England, with hostel-to-hostel itineraries. "I think that about 45 per cent. of our new members join with the idea of going overseas as hostellers," said New South Wales secretary Mrs. Joan Bell.

"Not only do the young people find it cheaper to travel this way, but they also get far more opportunity to learn something first-hand of the countries they visit.

"In the hostels in Europe, for instance, they mix with other young people from all parts of the world, exchange ideas, languages, national songs and customs."

The object of the organi-

sation is to "assist all, but especially young people, to a greater knowledge, care, and love of the countryside, particularly by providing hostels or other simple accommodation for them in their travels."

Membership rights are reciprocal between States as well as abroad. The association functions in Victoria, Tasmania, and South Australia as well as New South Wales.

In New South Wales the hostel programme is worked out for two months ahead and

member be injured, one can go for help and the third stay with the patient.

Although each State association has its own rules, the general principle is that accommodation is made available only to members who are not using motor transport.

Intoxicants and gambling are not permitted, and smoking in dormitories is prohibited. Firearms are also prohibited in New South Wales—pet dogs in that State, Tasmania, and South Australia.

Members must replace firewood used, report all breakages, clean cooking utensils thoroughly, clean rooms and fold blankets before departure, and otherwise leave the hostel tidy for the next party.

The only extra equipment needed for "hostelling" is a sheet sewn in the form of a bag with an envelope opening at one end, in which the pillow is placed. Apart from this, ordinary walking or camping gear is all that is required.

The badge of the association, a triangle form, appears on the doors of all hostels in Australia and abroad, big and small, beside mountain lakes, in forests, or at the seashore, in 25 countries of Europe, Asia, and U.S.A.

By BETTY BEST,
staff reporter

published in the association magazine, Hostel Yarn, so that members can make plans.

As well, there are camps and canoe trips and a snow hostel at Kiandra, where accommodation, snow gear, and tuition costs only £7/7/- a week.

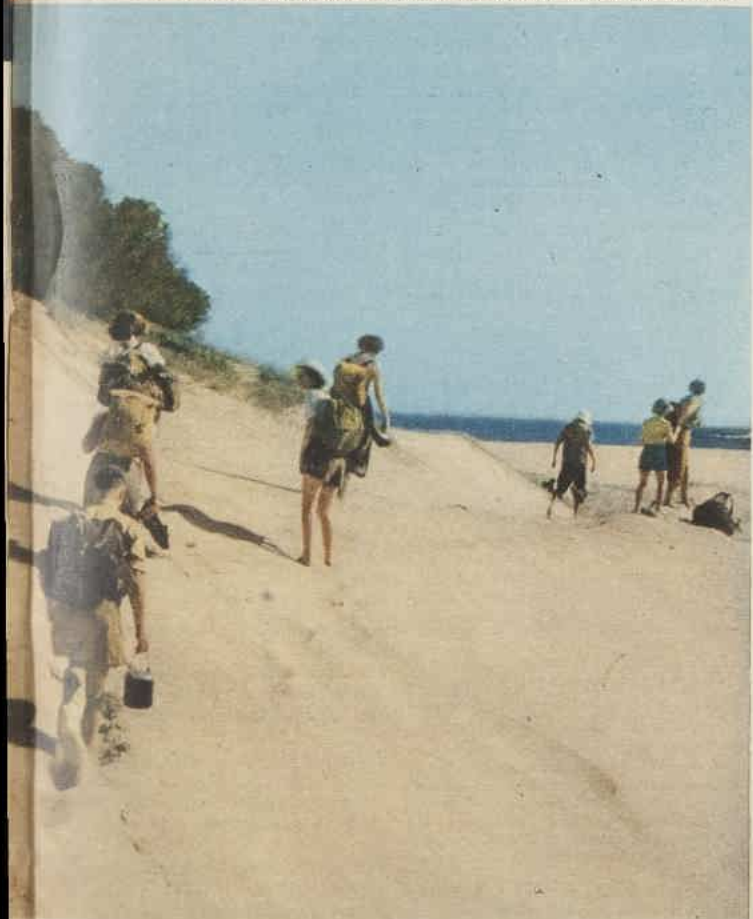
Besides providing accommodation, the association gives detailed information on the practical organisation of bush walks and other excursions, with lists of clothing and food required worked out by experts.

Parties are advised to make three the minimum, for instance, so that, should one





LEAVING THE FERRY at Bundeena, a party starts to walk to Little Marley, one of the most popular hostels in National Park, N.S.W. There is accommodation for 20 at the hostel, which is reached by launch from Cronulla and a four-mile walk along the coast.

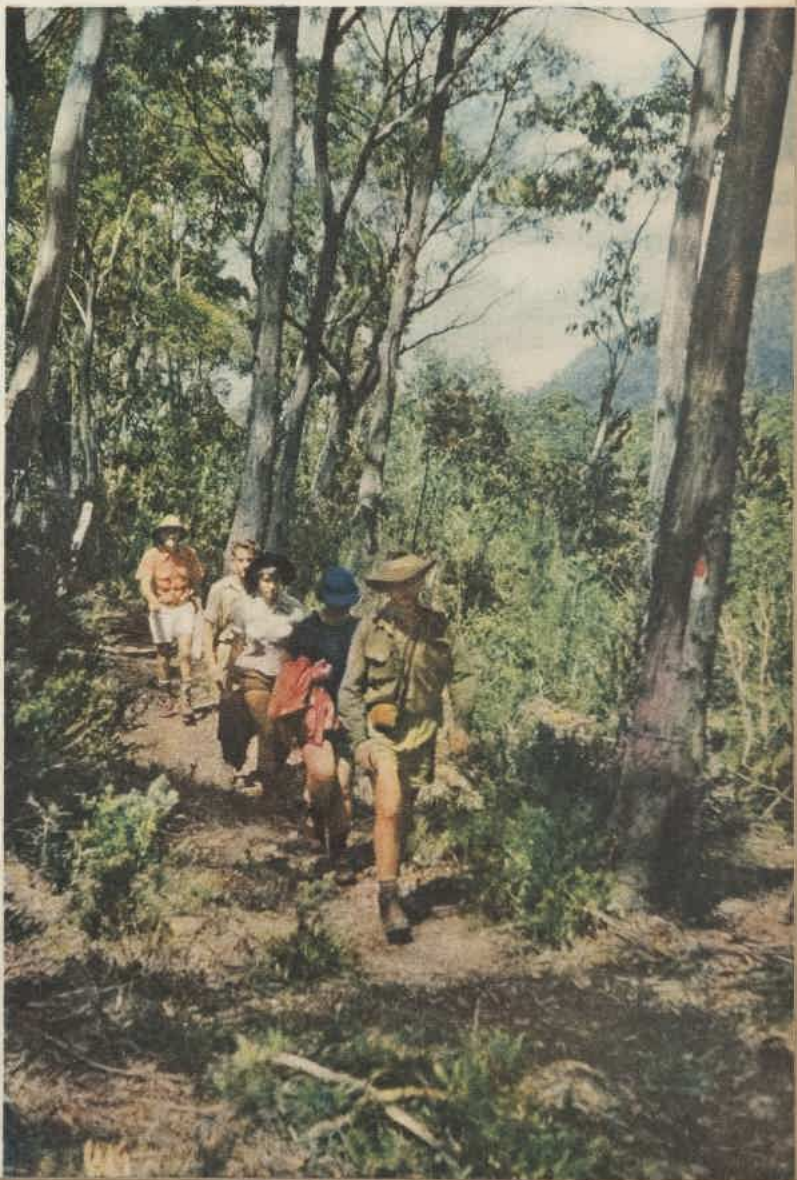


CROSSING THE SAND DUNES at Big Morley, N.S.W., the hostel leader keeps up a steady but easy pace so that the less experienced members of his party will not get left behind or over-tired. Novices usually try out hostels before graduating to camping.



HITCH-HIKING. Margo Lohan (left), of Goulburn, and Margaret Lake, of Newcastle, N.S.W., thumb a motor-car ride near the Chain of Lagoons, Tasmania.

THE BIG CLIMB up Mount Gould, in the National Park of Tasmania, is ahead of this party as they strike deep into the bushland at Lake St. Claire, following a blazed track.



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CARRY THIS EASILY-RECOGNISED SEAL
—your guarantee of quality



If your window opens outwards, extend the curtain-rod a foot on either side. This keeps your lace curtains from blowing about too freely and makes the windows look larger than they are. With small windows, choose lace with a small design.

MOTHER



"Truly, Mum, we MEANT to wait for the party."

BUTCH



"I don't care how many times a week they get dessert in goal. We're not giving ourselves up."

It seems to me

OFFICIALLY it wants a few weeks till spring, but as this is our spring fashion issue and the shops have dressed their windows, there is every excuse for cheerful anticipation.

A fortnight ago a woman I know, thinking she'd get organised for once, went along to one of the more uppish departments of a big store and looked round for a spring outfit.

"Such cold weather," she said chattily to the saleswoman, "but if one doesn't come early, the things go so quickly."

"This isn't early," said the saleswoman coldly. "We sold our advance spring fashions in the first week of July."

Just to confuse the fashion scene, the Paris autumn shows always coincide with the spring displays in Australia.

If Mr. Christian Dior has his way, skirts for autumn will go up to 16 or 17 inches from the ground.

It now remains for someone to revive the fashion of wearing (just above the knee) a pair of colored garters. When the wearer walked the skirt used to catch on these prettily—or not so prettily; it depended on the knee.

A FRESH sidelight on the troubles caused by television:

Women in America were asked what they thought of the dressing of men on television. They responded very critically indeed.

Showing a notable lack of esprit de sex, they advised the wife of Arthur Godfrey (a popular television star) to stop him from appearing in suits with that "slept-in" look.

Men have a much more difficult task in keeping smart than women. If a man is sloppy, the girls sniff. If he pays too much attention to his appearance, they snigger.

Call a woman a fashion-plate and you please her. Call a man a tailor's dummy—and stand back.

Then, just to muddle the issue, women, as in the Arthur Godfrey case, will blame a man's wife, which is often very unfair.

There are some men who can make a suit look slept-in just by putting it on. It is a special talent, and sometimes has a rugged charm all its own.

ACCORDING to a message from London, authorities in East Germany have told radio stations to brighten up their music and humor.

The Communist daily newspaper "Zeitung" is quoted as saying: "Something seems wrong with our dance music. For years there has been talk that the text should make sense and the harmony be appealing. Stupid texts like 'Who has rolled the cheese to the station' must go."

At the risk of having Senator McCarthy after me, I must say that "Who has rolled the cheese to the station" does not seem to me to be unduly stupid—not when you measure it against, say, "I Taut I Taw a Puddy Tat." In fact, if they don't want it, why not give it to Spike Jones?



Dorothy Drain

ANY woman with a penn'orth of sense takes her hat off in a picture theatre, as it saves tiresome discussion with the row behind.

If you don't you are faced with either a tap on the shoulder or a guilty conscience, which forces you to turn round and ask should you take your hat off, and consequent unreasonable annoyance when the answer is yes—which it always is.

For this reason I always wear a second-best model, as it invariably rolls off the knee in moments of emotion or excitement and remains among the ice-cream buckets until after God Save the Queen.

The other day I met a film critic who has the thing sewn up. She secures her hat to her knee with a hat-pin through her skirt.

It works well—provided you remember to unpin the hat before standing up.

SOME other odd snippets garnered in picture-going:

A Sydney suburban theatre is advertising "The Seven Deadly Sins" with Beef-tea At Interval, which is fair enough.

What with CinemaScope and SuperScope one would wish to be in Hollywood to have a hand in the naming of the various 3-D processes. Why not ColossaScope, or, with terrific understatement, simply Scope?

IN passing: A girl just back from America reports that teenagers (female), as a revolt from the monotony of shirts and jeans, are wearing green nylon moustaches and dyeing their hair to match.

WRITING in the B.M.A. magazine "Family Doctor," Dr. Primmer, of Scotland, says there is no hope of a cure for ordinary baldness.

How marvellous, when thinking of invention,

Can seem man's ingenuity to man,
Till, by a mirror coming to attention,
His head he pauses thoughtfully to scan.

He thinks of jet propulsion, nuclear fusion,
Of television, journeys into space,
Of wonder drugs, of scholars' erudition—
And yet, a little sadly, pulls a face.

For what avails his record of achievement?

Thus Adam felt his optimism flop
When, mirrorless, he understood what Eve meant

In saying, "Dear, you're getting thin on top."

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Mix and match these exciting **B**tops for a "Separate Story"

Miraculous what you can do with two basic skirts and a clever collection of **B** tops! Take Ter-ray for sport—a touch of Jersicord for the office—luxurious Suede-Velvet for those "After-five dates"—and add wonderful, wearable Beaverlure to see you warmly from Spring into Summer. Mix well and you'll have the gayest, brightest Spring wardrobe ever. Visit any fashion store and see this pert collection of **B** fashions—beautiful little garments in a host of exciting new colours and richly textured fabrics.

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TER-RAY, JERSICORD, SUEDE-VELVET and BEAVERLURE FASHIONS

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AND CURL IT UP

Rinse after 30 minutes.
Hair perms as it dries naturally on the curlers.

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BRISBANE: Commercial Bank Chambers, 229-242 Queen St. R2963
ADELAIDE: Alliance Assurance Building, 20 Grenfell St. LA4798
PERTH: 69 St. George's Terrace R2980
HOBART: 208 Liverpool Street

New Paris line



DIOR'S SHORT LOOK. Two dresses at left show Dior's bolster top—his most wearable line—in coffee-cream colored facecloth. Centre: Flapper dress in raspberry jersey with pleated skirt from a princess bodice and full top. The hat is a black melusine cloche. At right: Barrel coat of apricot velour with a fox choker collar. Sketches by Rene from cabled Paris descriptions.

**Fashion war over
Dior's 1920 look**

A fierce battle to establish Christian Dior's short skirt is being fought out in Paris.

It started in the salons when Dior decreed a knee-length skirt. Overnight it became the most important controversy on the domestic front.

WHILE short skirts made headlines all over the world, men took over the topic.

Remembering the visions of pretty legs of the 1920's, older men have nodded their approval.

But younger men think the new short look is just as ugly as silent film fashions are funny.

"I wouldn't be seen dead with a girl in that," said one young man, as a barrel-shaped coat with room for two in front was paraded.

But those who have watched one cycle of fashion succeed another forecast that Christian Dior's clothes, revolutionary today, will be accepted tomorrow.

"You have to get used to it," fashion promoters are saying.

Their view is that Dior's influence will undoubtedly lead to shorter skirts.

"It was a brave thing for Dior to do," one of the American fashion buyers said after seeing his collection of 200 models. "But short skirts had to come."

In the meantime every other couturier is enjoying a successful if unsensational season.

Dior's Tulip Line of last season has been developed and every variation of the top-heavy slender silhouette has been shown.

Skirts everywhere but at Dior are comfortably stabilised at 14 to 15 inches from the ground. This is mid-calf, and by present-day standards an attractive length.

In general, the new Paris silhouette is slender to the bosom, then top-heavy with fullness and trimmings.

The bustline is played up. Sleeves are well rounded out until they curve like the twin arms of an arch. Double backs to straight frocks enhance top opulence.

This new bosomy line is called the New Empire at Paquin and the Champagne Glass at Pierre Balmain.

Madeleine de Rauch calls hers the Street Lamp, saying, "From the base to the bust it is stripped of all trimmings, then, with pleats and drapes, pockets and trimmings, it is loose to play up the shoulders and give an exaggerated bust-line."

Jacques Fath confirmed the new line and set the seal on this trend by inflating sleeves and curving them from shoulder to short wide elbow-length, with lots of padding supporting the curvaceous cut.

Most Paris designers have some expression of the 1920's. Coats at Paquin and Manguin have heavy side panels of fox and fox choker collars.

Jacques Fath and Jean Desse have the Vamp Look—Fath with velvet kiss curls hanging from velvet pillbox hats.

By
ANNE MATHESON,
of our London staff

Balenciaga showed a superb collection from which all the "floppy" look had been taken out.

He set his waists up a little higher and his jackets were a little shorter.

Like all the French couturiers, Lanvin Castillo showed many short evening dresses for cocktails, theatre, and dinner.

Evening gowns throughout the collection were usually on long, slender lines, and when bouffant the fullness was swept well to the back.

Lanvin Castillo struck an unusual note by dressing a bride in palest cyclamen-pink satin.

Jean Desse, who kept to a straight line, put exaggerated fullness at the hips with puffed-out pockets and semi-circular gathered panels.

He played up the bustline with fully gathered bra tops.

Desse gave a Vamp Look to his mannequins with newly styled coils of hair they wore dipping on to their foreheads.

Schiaparelli caused raised eyebrows by using the fur of tortoiseshell cats rather lavishly for coat trimmings and linings.

Her skirt lengths were at least two inches longer than any other couturier's.

There are few straight coats this winter.

The new line is a three-quarter-length, well-waisted redingote usually worn over a dress or skirt of matching material, though sometimes—as at Jacques Fath—the redingote coat is in a contrasting shade.

The length for these three-quarter redingotes is just below the knee with a skirt showing to just above the calf.



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Fine furniture reflecting the sunlight or the warm glow from the fire... fine glass and silver mirrored in the smooth gleam of polished wood... Maintain the beauty of your furniture by giving it the lasting polish of LIQUID VENEER. Just a touch of LIQUID VENEER cleans, beautifies and preserves highly finished surfaces and adds years to the life of your furniture. Good for motor cars too, LIQUID VENEER is obtainable at all good class hardware stores.

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this plan breaks
the laxative habit**

If you take laxatives regularly—here's how you can stop!

Because five doctors now have proved you can break the laxative habit. And establish your natural power of regularity. Eighty-three per cent. of the cases tested did it. So can you.

Stop taking whatever you now take. Instead: Every night for one week take two Carter's Little Liver Pills. Second week—one each night. Third week—one every other night. Then—nothing!

Every day: drink eight glasses of water; set a definite time for regularity.

Five doctors proved this plan can break the laxative habit.

How can Carter's Little Liver Pills break the laxative habit?

Because Carter's not only "unblock" the lower digestive tract but they also improve the flow of liver bile that you need to be regular naturally.

Further—Carter's Little Liver Pills contain no habit-forming drugs.

Break the laxative habit... with Carter's Little Liver Pills... and be regular naturally.

When worry, overeating, overwork make you irregular temporarily—take Carter's Little Liver Pills temporarily. And never get the laxative habit.

Get Carter's Little Liver Pills today. You'll be grateful the rest of your life.

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Joy Nichols back home



JOY NICHOLS, HUSBAND WALLY PETERSON, and Roberta at baby's bedtime. Joy says it's "pretty good" to see gum trees again, and has planned a family reunion at the Sydney home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Nichols, and her brother, George. While in Sydney, Joy and Wally will appear at the Tivoli Theatre. They have a home at Edgecliff, complete with housekeeper and maid.

Kept Aussie humor and woolly undies

By FREDA YOUNG, staff reporter

Joy Nichols, Australian theatre and radio star, who is now back home after seven years in England, will open her season at the Tivoli Theatre, Sydney, in the dress she wore to her last Royal Command performance.

"It is pale pink French slipper satin with sequins and pearls from top to bottom and plenty of flares," Joy said. "It is so lovely I feel embarrassed wearing it."

The sentiment and humor that give Joy her appeal were evident when she added, "I took plenty of good Australian woollen underwear besides high-necked evening dresses when I left home."

"I still wear them even if they are old and a bit shrunk." The wardrobe she brings back is of an entirely different calibre from the one she set off with on her travels.

It is full of lovely models, most of them in long crinoline style, with plenty of dash and glitter. Some have cost up to £150.

Joy was thrilled by her civic reception in Melbourne.

This girl, who temporarily laid aside her lucrative London career to visit her family and Wally's family with daughter Roberta, who has appeared in three Royal Command performances, and whose show, "Take It From Here," has won the National Radio Award of England three times, had quite a catch in her voice when she mentioned the Melbourne tribute.

"I don't even belong to Melbourne," she said.

The first lesson Joy learned when she arrived in London seeking fame and fortune was that "you don't climb to stardom in 'neck-to-knee jobs'."

"With the money I had saved I bought myself some more revealing gowns," she said.

Another lesson Joy learned was that stardom is not reached with an adopted Oxford accent.

"When I had my first audition with the B.B.C., I failed," she said. "I had tried to be Oxford."

"When I later presented some of the records I had made in Australia I was accepted. I was told that my own accent was what was wanted."

Joy went to England to fill a contract, and three days after her arrival she appeared at the Coliseum at Portsmouth, and then for a few months she went on tour.

The salary in those days of this hundreds-of-pounds-a-week star was not so good at first. But from it she managed to save enough to take her mother, Mrs. Freda Nichols, to England to meet Wally Peterson, whom Joy later married.

Joy is sentimental about a lot of things—about Wally and 16-months-old daughter Roberta, who have come with her; about her mother, whose multi-colored crocheted rug Roberta has on her cot; about her home back in Hendon, London; and about Dick Bentley and Jimmy Edwards, who helped in her rise to fame with their combined radio and stage show, "Take It From Here."

Most of all, Joy is sentimental about Australia. She



ROBERTA and her nanny, Miss Muriel Hamilton. Miss Hamilton thinks Roberta is the image of her father but has her mother's temperament.

got her start here and appreciates the fact.

Joy's voice, with its low tones and attractive modulations, is eloquent of her emotions. She is pretty, with fair wavy hair and brown eyes, plenty of youthful glamor, even if she had to take a back-handed compliment on the Strathnaver coming out.

During the ship's concert, in which she and Wally gave a 45-minute performance, she commented to a young man about an 18-year-old girl: "I should say she is the prettiest girl on the ship," to which her companion replied: "Well, I suppose you weren't too bad yourself when you were young."

Wally Peterson, of the soft American accent, hails from Boston.

After Joy has finished showing Roberta to her Australian friends and relatives she and Wally will visit the States.

Roberta is so like her daddy in appearance that a big thrill awaits the family in Boston.

She is a young lady of personality, with very decided likes and dislikes. Her favorite foods are ice-cream and fruit, and her favorite hats are hats, especially bonnets which she can't tear off. Her favorite pastime on the voyage to Australia was tobogganing down the ship's slippery-dip, which she climbs and descends unaided—not a bad effort for 16 months.

Also in the Nichols-Peterson retinue is Roberta's nanny, Miss Muriel Barr-Hamilton.

When Miss Hamilton read in the papers that Joy was expecting a baby, she wrote offering her services. At the age of one month Roberta became her "25th baby."

Joy and Wally are hoping to do stage, radio, and television work in New York, and Wally will be with Joy in the coming Sydney Tivoli show.



Here's a new
quick way to keep
leather alive!



Kiwi is in a new tin that opens with a penny. To lift off the lid, just turn a penny in the groove running round the tin.

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BUT AT A REDUCED PRICE!
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your hands say
'Housework'



Use Softasilk
after every
household
task!

No woman need carry the hallmark of household tasks on her hands if she keeps them soft, smooth and lovely with Softasilk. Soothing, fragrant and rich in silken oils, Softasilk should be used generously and often, particularly in winter weather. With Softasilk, you go hand in hand with beauty.

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IT'S HANDIER
IN A TUBE

KEEP A TUBE
IN YOUR BEDROOM
IN YOUR BATHROOM
IN YOUR KITCHEN



Hand Beauty Cream

YOUTH SERIES by Kay Melaun

Growing up too soon

Quite a few teenagers nowadays find themselves in the plight of being in love with no chance of getting married within five years or more.

Unlike those under discussion some weeks back who want to get married right away despite their youth, these boys and girls are prepared to wait.

THEY'RE prepared not to be engaged in the meantime—not even to go steady. But while they're waiting they want to go seriously and not bother about other dates.

Many adults believe that such a situation is only the logical result of parents allowing them to have dates and go to dances while they're still at school.

In other words, that they've been allowed to grow up too soon.

This could be so. But whatever the cause, the result is painful for everybody concerned. Because parents or other adults so often try to convince the young people that they are taking their feelings too seriously.

From the teenager's point of view it looks like this:

THE boy:

I'm young, but I'm not so young as all that. I'm prepared to work hard (at job, or studies, or both) for years if need be until I'm able to get married.

I've found the girl I want. She loves me and I love her. She understands me. We're real mates, so that going out with other girls is just a waste of time I could be spending with her and money I could use to take her out or put aside towards the day when we can get married. I love her so much that this is no sacrifice. I'd rather spend five minutes having a milkshake with her than drinking champagne in tails in the Ritz bar with Marilyn Monroe.

THE girl has an identical attitude.

She says: What's the use of going out with other boys when you've found the real one?

Other boys seem so dull and stupid alongside him. I've really got nothing to say to

them and they've got nothing to say to me.

We're completely happy together—well, not completely, because we have to say good-bye and good-night after every date. But when we're married it will be perfect.

BOTH boy and girl face times of despair when they can see no hope of a future together. One can usually help the other over the mood. But when they're both in a cloud of gloom there's some comfort in being miserable together.

The worst times are when



parents try to reason them out of being in love.

The reasoning sounds like the sum total of all the disillusion that ever existed.

And both boy and girl resent anyone interfering in this precious relationship, let alone trying to give reasons for not being in love. As though love ever had reasons, they ask pertinently.

If you're a Romeo or Juliet you probably concede your parents some points in your rock-bottom, reality-facing moments. But your feelings and your age necessarily preclude you from seeing it their

AFTER having just listened to the LP recording of Purcell's 250-year-old opera "Dido and Aeneas," it seems wrong to touch a typewriter. One should call for a quill and ink.

THIS utterly charming work, said to be the first English opera, was produced in 1951 by actor Bernard Miles in the Mermaid Theatre, an accurate reconstruction of an Elizabethan theatre attached to his London home, a perfect setting for a genuine work. The "H.M.V." LP disc is a flawless transcription into the medium of recording. Once again his star is the incompar-

DISC DIGEST

able Kirsten Flagstad, and support is lent by members of the Mermaid Theatre, its singers, and orchestra conducted by Geraint Jones. In a secondary role—or roles since she sings three parts, each differentiated in masterly fashion—is soprano Elisabeth Schwarzkopf. The sorceress who dupes Aeneas, causing him to desert the tragic Queen of Carthage, is the noted Greek singer Arda Mandikian—again perfect casting. The comparatively small role of Aeneas is played by baritone Thomas Hemsley.

● They won't meet anyone else.

● They miss the fun of flirting.

way. And I'll grant that quite a few parents have forgotten what it's like to be young.

BUT this is the way parents see it:

Say that in both instances they're the most sympathetic parents in the world. His parents genuinely like the girl, and her parents think the boy is the nicest they've ever met.

They haven't asked them to stop seeing each other, but they've asked them to have fewer dates, and encouraged them to meet other boys and girls and go to as many parties as they can.

To you, although you try to please them, this may seem a useless, if not heartless, conspiracy. They mean well, you say wearily, but it's all so stupid.

Believe me, they're worrying about you.

In the circumstances, their worry is not about Now. It's about the future. Their cry is: Why couldn't they have met when they were a few years older? It would have been perfect then.

Their idea is that if you go on as now and eventually marry you'll miss out on a lot of experiences natural to your age.

They say that their girl won't have any of the carefree teenage time when she has a new boy-friend every other week; when she enjoys the fun of flirting and playing off one boy against another, and all the frivolity and mistakes youth is rightful heir to.

Before their boy settles down they want him to have the joy of discovering all different types of girls—even though he finds they're all much the same except the one he loves.

Parents are afraid that if these experiences are missed in the teens, boy and girl will wake up one day after they're married and say: "Yes, we still love each other. But we've never had any fun."

And the danger is that then, when it's not the time or the season, they'll go looking for the fun they missed.

OPERA lovers and those who enjoy pure classical music will need no urging to hear this lovely disc. If you're not in those two groups, try to hear it just the same. You'll find that it's easily understood, from Dido's well-known lament, "When I am laid in earth," to the sailor's song which advises the mariners to "take a short, boozy leave of the nymphs on shore" and set sail. What could be less high-brow, more down-to-earth? My copy was commendably free from all surface noises. I even played it with the radio-gram open! The record sleeve carries an excellent set of notes written by the producer.

—BERNARD FLETCHER



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FIFTH AVENUE
Regd.
handprints

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WED AT ST. MARK'S. Mr. and Mrs. Tony Walker at their reception at the Pickwick Club following the ceremony. The bride was formerly Ann Vote, daughter of Mrs. L. E. Vote, of Double Bay, and Dr. J. A. Vote, of Cronulla.



DINNER DANCE. Elizabeth Terry and Bruce Glass enjoy an oyster cocktail at the "pre-snow" party given at Sherbrooke, Double Bay, by the Sydney Ski Club before members leave for The Chalet, Kosciuszko, on August 8.



AT RANDWICK. Mrs. Bill Fennell (left), of Darling Point, and Mrs. Herbert Heweston, of Rose Bay, were at the Bank Holiday meeting.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

A NEWLY furnished home in Vaucluse, the gift of the bride's parents, will await recently married Patricia and Ronald McKean when they return home from England in October.

Patricia is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. R. J. Whiteman, of Bellevue Hill, and Ronald is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell McKean, of Cammeray, and formerly of Labasa, Fiji.

The couple met in London and were married at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, last month. At present, they are honeymooning in Wales.

Both the Whitemans and the McKean received a radio-phone call from London the day before the wedding.

JANUARY 10 is the date set for the departure of Air Vice-Marshal J. P. J. McCauley to Melbourne, where he will take up his new appointment as Chief of the Air Staff. Air Vice-Marshal McCauley will be accompanied by Mrs. McCauley and their daughter, Anne, who will renew the friendships of her schooldays in Melbourne.

AFTER their honeymoon at Armidale, Judy and Bill Wait will motor up to their future home, "Towri," Uralla. Judy is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Watton, of West Denistoun, and Bill is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Wait, of "Karachi," Delegate.

A WHIRL of pre-wedding parties will soon begin for Josephine Roche, who will marry Michael Jones at St. Joseph's Church, Edgecliff, on September 9. One of the first will be given by Michael's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Owen Jones, at their home in Double Bay, on August 26. Josephine's brother and sister-in-law, John and Valmai Roche, of Adelaide, are coming to Sydney for the wedding—Valmai is to be matron-of-honor—and her sister, Mrs. Austin Chapman, will come from Canberra. Another sister, Jenny, will be bridesmaid.



PARTY GUESTS. Ken Monro (left), his fiancée, Sue Brunninghausen, Mrs. Armand George, and Mr. George at the party given by Gordon Stewart at his home in Roseville to welcome Diana Field home from a Pacific cruise.

LOOKING forward to an Australian summer and enjoying seeing old friends again is Mrs. Keith Waller, who returned to Canberra recently from England with her husband and two daughters, Anne and Gillian.

For the past ten years, Mrs. Waller, formerly Alison Dent, has travelled with her husband wherever his External Affairs appointments sent him.

Now, she says, she would like to stay in Canberra for a while because of her children's schooling, but everything depends on her husband's future plans. Anne, who is eight, and six-year-old Gillian, who was born in Brazil, attend Annesley College in Bowral.

BRIEFLY . . . Judy Crossing is planning to holiday for a week in August—during the University vacation—with Ann Livingston in Moree . . . Mrs. Mit Loneragan, of "Putta Bucca," Mudgee, visited Sydney for a few days last week . . . Mr. and Mrs. Pat Rowe, of "South Gundebri," Merriwa, celebrated their fifteenth wedding anniversary at Prince's with Mr. Rowe's parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. I. Rowe, sen., and his sister Lois.

I ADMIRE—the amethyst-and-pearl crown brooch surmounted by a diamond worn by Lady Plowman . . . Trixie McGirr's oval opal pendant, which is surrounded by diamonds. *Anne*



DANCING. Jann Edwards and Ken Turner dance the debutante waltz at the St. Gabriel's College Diamond Jubilee Ball, held at the school. Miss Northcott received the debs.



AT KAMBALA SCHOOL. Relaxing after a basketball match between the Old Girls and present pupils are Marianne Duff (left), Marie Sawyer, Betsy Harvey, and June Hudson.



COUNTRY WEDDING. Bruce Andrews and his bride, formerly Joan Dagan, daughter of Inspector and Mrs. J. H. Dagan, of Broken Hill, leave St. John's, Forbes.



UNIVERSITY BALL. Pretty Judy Stubbs and John Begg at the ball given by members of the Sydney University Agricultural Graduates' Association in the Union Refectory.

Spring FASHIONS

Paris silhouette . . .	pages 22, 23
The new printed look .	pages 24, 25
Springtime wardrobe .	pages 26, 27
After nightfall	pages 28, 29
Paris hats	pages 30, 31

THE atmosphere of spring fashions is pretty, seductive, and feminine. This year a new season is born in a burst of flowers. Everywhere are flowers — printed on dress fabrics, used for trimming, for embroideries, for accessories, for lingerie. In all this flurry of flowers Paris has glorified the rose—its form and its colors. Rosy colors bloomed first in the Paris spring collections and since have colored fashion in world centres. Alabaster, aluminium, honey-beige are rediscovered pastels, and a chic Paris union is the pairing of black and white. Materials are beautiful, chiffon and mousselines are back, printed and plain—numbers are unmistakably made in France. There is no better spring ornamentation than embroideries. For a new look, narrow ribbons and crinoline straws are seen mixed with pearls and beads. The flower embroideries are an enchantment. "Matching-ness" is a fresh word in fashion—watch for the print lining that matches the dress, the blouse that matches the jacket lining, and gloves in the same color as a hat. By day the silhouette is slimmed down and lean. At times the line is swept quite clean of detail. Towards evening, the skirts start to spread, and after night-fall keep on spreading. In the ballroom they drift to huge proportions—a floating beautiful evening dress is the dress of the season. Between these two extremes comes Dior's tulip line resembling a slender stalk for three-fourths of the silhouette, and at the top spreading upward and outward into a graceful, flower-head.

The leading suit silhouette has a loose, easy-fitting jacket and slim skirt. The neckline is often cut away and often collared. Skirt lengths remain unchanged, approximately 13 inches from the ground. Hats are an enchantment, decorative, individual and full of fantasy. There are little wrapped toques seen in dozens of different materials. Caps in fruit and flowers and lots of diminutive shapes in white pique. Afoot, the fashionable look is an open-air sandal with a pencil-slim heel to balance its bareness. Stockings—ultra sheer and light in color—are now designed to make a shapely leg look even more shapely.

The fashion-conscious should keep listed the following predictions: The bright red suit (it's sneaking up on fashion); the summer coat in printed cotton; the gentle look of blonde chiffon unfolded in pleats; more color and more design on the feet; the breath-taking, fragile beauty of a white peignoir, eyelet-frilled and tied with blue (for a bride) ribbon; the chic look of wool on the beach, and brown worn with a washed-out pastel; the new man-made materials with promise of more labor easing and travel comfort in the near future; the late-day allure of eyes softened by a veil and earrings that swing shoulder length.

Betty Keep

JACQUES FATH SPRING HAT (right), its whiteness printed in pink moss roses and green leaves, its trim a band of moss-green velvet ribbon, an important fashion because it marks the return of the dress-fabric hat.



Navy Hordern's

● The 1953 spring silhouette shows expansion of the bustline, diminishing of the hipline, a long, closely moulded princess line, natural shoulders, and three-quarter kimono sleeves. The new season also introduces a hip-length jacket worn over a matching frock, a straight frock with a bloused back, the fitted redingote frock with skirt fullness swept back, and the revolutionary suit, semi-classic with the waist only slightly marked.



● Jacques Fath's straight simple frock (above) with a matching hip-length jacket. The ensemble is made in heavyweight printed pique. The two models at the right are typical examples of Dior's new tulip line. This emphasises the bust and princess waistline and diminishes the hips. The shoulder is rounded and is almost a continuation of the spreading petalled curves of the bodice or jacket.



● Dior's button-front coat frock (above) made in fine charcoal flannel. The model again portrays the tulip line with emphasis on the top half of the silhouette. Note the straight-set, large-crowned hat. It is a typical example of the type worn with Dior's "tulip."

Paris Silhouette



● Jacques Fath uses heavy printed cotton for his frock and coat ensemble (above). The sheath-like frock has a moulded waistline. Drama is added by the dense black coat lining. The semi-classic suit (right) is by the same designer, and has a subtle chic with its rounded shoulderline, wide, rounded neckline, and loose three-quarter cuffed sleeves. The waistline is only slightly marked.



● Madeleine de Rauch designed the one-piece (above) with the bloused bodice which is complementary to the straight skirt. Buttons start just above the waist level and continue to the hem. Jacques Fath's redingote frock (right) is in printed waffle pique, its fern design one of the coolest, freshest patterns in a season noted for prints. The moulded bodice has graceful kimono sleeves. The fullness in the skirt is swept to the back, where narrow pleats taper from the well-fitted waistline into wide panels.

Dorothea Johnston

The New Printed Look

● One of the prettiest new looks for a spring day is the printed dress or suit. Designed with deceptively simple lines to give a new grace and gentle elegance to fashions, the print is at its zenith. It can be patterned in flowers or fruits, softly muted, spotted, or striped.



FRENCH-DESIGNED silk suit is made in a Paris love—black printed on white. The easy-line jacket collar is cut away from the throat. The skirt is slender.



LANVIN-CASTILLO'S flower print in shades of pink (above) is designed with a low-cut, prettily draped neckline. The big-brimmed hat is a flatterer in pink.



JACQUES FATH uses grass-green grosgrain printed in black, coin spots for this tailored model. The lines of the dress are moulded, the neckline a deep V, the elbow-length sleeves loose-fitting. The large-brimmed hat, worn low on the forehead, is cool-black to match the gloves and classic-styled pumps. The model, with its coat-dress flavor, is designed for city spring days.



GIVENCHY silk patterned in cut lemons is used for a full-skirted afternoon dress. The dress is worn with a taffeta-lined satin stole and matching gloves. The "egg" hat is one of a series launched by Hubert de Givenchy.



A MAGGY ROUFF model (above) in black-and-white-striped or-ganza has a white satin collar and matching cuffs, and a pink rose worn at the bosom. The pleated skirt is finished with a wide band.

DIOR'S rose-red print (right) has a low-cut moulded bodice and skirt with all-round pleats released below a smooth hipline. The shallow-crowned hat matches the rasy colors of the print.



Wardrobe for Spring

I CONSIDER that every well-balanced wardrobe should include a simple black dress. I chose the Jacques Fath model (far left) because it has simplicity and elegance. The pale yellow Schiaparelli organdie is designed to float and dazzle on a summer night.

The lovely topless Dior dress (left) is my choice for the ballroom because flower prints have returned to high fashion. The bodice is folded, the long skirt sweeps wide. Givenchy's little short white organdie (below) with its embroidered pineapples is enchanting for the informal parties which are so often held in the spring and summer.



Chosen by *René*

THE printed pique dress (below right) is my pick because small overprints are real spring news. It's by Castillo at Lanvin. The resort dress (right) by Maggy Rouff has a fresh and new color combination, violet and white. The topless Palm Beach dress (extreme right) by Henry a la Pensee has a new contrast drama.

The red suit (below) by Dior is as spirit-lifting as a new lipstick. Top marks to the model from Howard Green, of New York (below right), for glamor and flattery. White organdie is used for the skirt; green taffeta for sash and bodice.



After Nightfall ...



Chiffons and sheers
are what Paris loves
best for spring and
summer evenings,
with prettiness the
most prized quality;
dresses made with
great whipped-up
spreading skirts and
brief moulded bod-
ice tops; dresses
superbly embroid-
ered and made in
delicate pinks, soft
French blues, smoky
beige, and all the
rosy colors.

LUSCIOUS oyster satin ball gown (left)
designed by Manguin has a camisole-
type bodice top and a skirt falling in
graceful folds. The dress is worn with
a vivid scarlet jersey looped-up stole.

SHEEREST white ninon over palest mauve
is combined in Maggy Rouff's dress
(right), worn with matching gloves. The
model has silver embroidery on the
bodice and is sashed in mauve satin.



PALE FRENCH-BLUE veiled in white sheer is used for this Maggy Rouff
model. The dress has an enormous drifting skirt and a slight little bodice.
Silver embroideries trim the bodice and form a potol motif on the skirt.



JACQUES FATH'S smoky-white satin model has a full but not billowy skirt.
The embroidery has an intricate seaweed design worked in smoke-brown crinoline
straw and pink and white pearls. The smoke-brown tulle stole adds chic.



ROSE DESIGN on white satin is used for Pierre Balmain's formal ball gown. The strapless moulded bodice is swathed with rose-red chiffon, which falls in long sash ends.



FAIRY-TALE dress in palest grey lace (above) designed by Pierre Balmain. The model has a strapless bodice finished with a trail of pink ribbon roses and a floor-length sash in rose-pink chiffon.



TORTOISESHELL-PRINTED CHIFFON posed over pearly-white satin is Givenchy's choice (above). The dramatic floor-length stole in white satin is matched to elbow-length gloves. The color combination is new.

Gary
Hordern's

Rain's

● This year's spring hat is as exciting as the first blossom. It is the forerunner of the coming season and gives new life to your winter suit. The new designs offer a stimulating choice in shape and line. The materials include all varieties of straw, ribbon, chiffon, organdie, and plain or printed pique.

GILBERT ORCEL'S snow-white pique hat (left) has a brim curled at the side. The model matches the white pique bow on the frock.

JANETTE COLOMBIER'S close-fitting crown of white straw (below) has a tiny brim of blue grosgrain and matching velvet. A coarse veil is worn over the face.

SIMON CANGE model (left), in which straw is pleated to match a draping of chiffon to give the impression of a soft bow at the nape of the neck.

Hats



LEGROUX'S toque (right) is made in swathed honey-colored tulle. The veil and long scarf are of the same fragile colored tulle.



CLAUDE ST. CYR'S small turban of black straw (left) with a crown drape of pink-and-white organza.



SVEND'S small hat with undulating brim (above right) is made in white pique and printed with violet motifs.

MARIE CHRISTIANE'S curvette of vivid yellow straw (right) is posed on a bandeau of black velvet. The veil is finely patterned in black pin-spots.



GILBERT ORCEL'S little umbrella-shaped cap (left) is made in red velvet embroidered with mossed flowers and fruits.

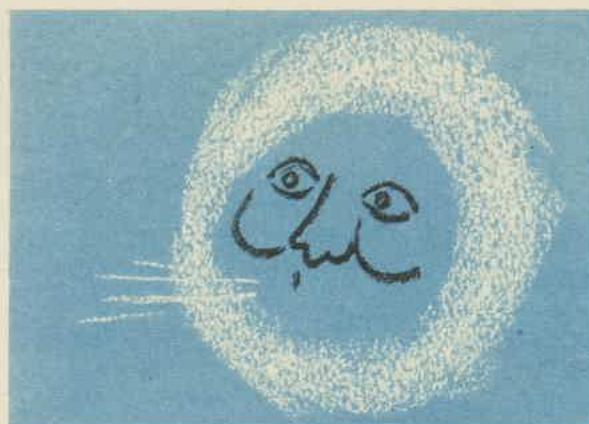
PAULETTE'S coarse plaited straw model (right) has a brim bordered with black grosgrain. The round crown juts slightly over a matching bandeau.



Dorothea Johnston



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looks better

6. WOOL DYES
BEAUTIFULLY — and
keeps its color

7. WOOL IS FIRE
RESISTANT — doesn't
flare up and burn you

**ONLY WOOL
HAS
ALL SEVEN**

Pier Angeli

★ *Hollywood has found a star it can't quite classify in fragile, 21-year-old Pier Angeli, who looks like a babe in the woods but displays quite a will of her own.*

THE shy young Italian actress refuses to be a stereotyped glamor girl, and rightly so. Bronze-haired and hazel-eyed, Pier has the appealing look of youth which needs no artifice.

Metro, who brought her to Hollywood from her native Italy, believe that in this slender slip of a girl they have the makings of another great imported star.

Pier may not turn out to be another Greta Garbo or Ingrid Bergman, but, given scripts that call for sensitive acting, she may one day fill the niche that was once occupied by Luise Rainer.

Born Anna Maria Pierangeli on June 19, 1932, in Sardinia, Pier was 16 years old and an art student in Rome at the end of World War II when French film director Leonide Moguy decided he wanted her to play the role of a maturing teenager in "To-morrow Is Too Late."

Her astonishing performance in her first film role won her the best Italian actress of the year award, and led to her selection as the wait-like bride in "Teresa."

For the role Pier had to learn to speak English.

After shooting final scenes of "Teresa" in New York, Pier returned to Italy to make "To-morrow Is Another Day."

Then Metro brought her to Hollywood under a long-term contract and gave her the starring role opposite Stewart Granger in "The Light Touch," a pleasant trifle about art thievery in North Africa.

Other starring roles for Pier Angeli are in "The Story of Three Loves," "Sombbrero," and the new film "Flame and the Flesh."

The Pierangeli family live in Westwood, outside Hollywood.

Since the death of her husband a couple of years ago, Mrs. Enrico Pierangeli has shouldered the responsibility of bringing up her three daughters — Pier, her twin sister Maria, and baby Patrizia — amid strange surroundings.

Everyone agrees that, in spite of her stubborn insistence on observing old-world conventions, Mrs. Pierangeli has done a good job in guiding the careers of her daughters.

Pier's twin, Marisa, is under contract to 20th Century-Fox.

Only within the past twelve months has Pier been permitted to go out on unchaperoned dates with Hollywood beaux. Arthur Loew, Jr., and young Richard Anderson have escorted her to functions.

Sometimes Pier goes along with Debbie Reynolds. The girls have much in common, including a love of jazz and boogie-woogie.

Rumors of a serious romance between Pier Angeli and sophisticated Kirk Douglas (her co-star in an episode of "Story of Three Loves") currently has Hollywood agog.

● Next week —

DEBORAH KERR



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(PROOF EVEN AGAINST OVEN HEAT)

COMPLETELY HEAT RESISTING

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★ Haas Christian Andersen

SAMUEL GOLD-WYN'S controversial production "Hans Christian Andersen" is a pretty fantasy in which some of the works of the great Danish poet and writer of the world's most captivating fairy-stories are linked together by a naive scenario.

The film's best qualities are found in artistic ballet sequences and in the tasteful use of color, settings, and costumes. Music which threads through the slow-moving action is tuneful and the lyrics are catchy.

Odense cobbler Hans (Danny Kaye) goes off to Copenhagen with his young assistant Peter (Joey Walsh) when the local schoolmaster complains that Hans' storytelling sessions encourage his pupils to play truant.

Hans' romantic encounter in Copenhagen with ballet dancer Doro (Jeanne Marie), who is married to martinet ballet-master Niels (Farley Granger), ends unhappily for the cobbler.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent

★★ Above average

★ Average

No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

After mooning around Copenhagen for a while Hans trudges back to his native village where he is welcomed with delight by his former critics as well as by the children.

Danny Kaye puts over his songs pleasantly. In some scenes he manages to achieve a quality of wistful pathos.

He has, however, no zesty comedy breaks, and without them he is not always an interesting company.

French ballerina Jeanne Marie combines delightful vivacity with an easy acting style.

Her dancing prowess is seen at its best in the spectacular ballet based on Andersen's "Little Mermaid," in which choreographer Roland Petit gives a polished performance as the prince.

In Sydney—Century.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★ "California," technicolor Western, starring Ray Milland, Barbara Stanwyck. Plus ★★ "Buy Me That Town," gangster farce, starring Lloyd Nolan, Constance Moore. (Both re-releases.)

CENTURY.—★ "Hans Christian Andersen," technicolor musical fantasy, starring Danny Kaye, Jeanne Marie, Farley Granger. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

CIVIC.—★ "Treasure of the Golden Condor," technicolor adventure drama, starring Cornel Wilde, Constance Smith, Finlay Currie. Plus ★ "Destination Gobi," technicolor desert drama, starring Richard Widmark, Murvyn Vye. (Both re-releases.)

EMBASSY.—★★★ "Encore," three Somerset Maugham short stories, starring Glynnis Johns, Nigel Patrick, Kay Walsh, Terence Morgan. Plus ★ "Time, Gentlemen, Please," comedy, starring Eddie Byrne.

LIBERTY.—★★★ "The Story of Three Loves," technicolor romantic drama, starring Pier Angeli, Kirk Douglas, Leslie Caron, James Mason. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★ "Abbott and Costello Go To Mars," comedy, starring Bud Abbott, Lou Costello, Mari Blanchard. Plus ★ "Take Me To Town," technicolor period romance, starring Ann Sheridan, Sterling Hayden.

LYRIC.—★★★ "Just For You," technicolor musical, starring Bing Crosby, Jane Wyman. Plus ★ "Dynamite," action drama, starring William Gargan, Virginia Welles, Richard Crane. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR AND PARK.—★★★ "Titanic," drama, starring Clifton Webb, Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Wagner. Plus "Oklahoma Annie," comedy, starring Judy Canova, John Russell.

PALACE.—★★★ "Glory Brigade," Korean War drama, starring Victor Mature, Roy Roberts. Plus ★ "Thieves' Highway," drama, starring Richard Conte, Valentina Cortese. (Re-release.)

PRINCE EDWARD.—★ "Jumping Jacks," comedy, starring Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Mona Freeman. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★★ "Call Me Madam," technicolor musical, starring Ethel Merman, Donald O'Connor, Vera-Ellen, George Sanders. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★★ "Miss Julie," Swedish-language drama, starring Anita Björk, Ulf Palme. Plus ★★ "Concert of Stars," music and ballet feature.

VARIETY.—★ "Carmen," Italian-language drama, starring Vivienne Romance, Jean Marais, Lucien Cordel. Plus featurettes.

VICTORY.—★ "The Great Sioux Uprising," technicolor Indian drama, starring Jeff Chandler, Faith Domergue. Plus ★ "Back At the Front," war comedy, starring Tom Ewell, Harvey Lembeck.

Films not yet reviewed

ESQUIRE.—★ "Three For Bedroom C," Naturalcolor comedy romance, starring Gloria Swanson, James Warren. Plus ★ "Backfire," mystery, starring Virginia Mayo, Gordon MacRae, Edmund O'Brien. (Re-release.)

PLAZA.—★ "The Crimson Pirate," technicolor adventure, starring Burt Lancaster, Eva Bartok. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★ "Salome," technicolor historical drama, starring Rita Hayworth, Stewart Granger, Charles Laughton. Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—★ "Dream Wife," comedy, starring Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr, Walter Pidgeon. Plus featurettes.

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From Under my Hat

By HEDDA HOPPER

IN addition to Barrymore's acting, "Don Juan" made history also because it was the first picture to have a synchronised musical score. Thank the Lord it was silent otherwise; John's dialogue would have given our present-day censors apoplexy.

This wasn't the end of my acting with Barrymore. After Jack had lost the cross-continent chase to Elaine Barrie and married her, and I had become a Hollywood columnist, Mitch Leisen gave me a call to come to Paramount and be a member of his gang—Claudette Colbert, Jack Barrymore, Don Ameche, Elaine Barrie, and Billy Daniel—in a little opus called "Midnight."

When I got the phone call I ran like a hound-dog in the moonlight. I was there before the contract was dry. In "Midnight" I was a rather nice character, for a change.

The engagement was pure joy from start to finish because of Barrymore's fund of stories. They never ran dry.

It was also in 1926 that Vilma Banky married Rod La Rocque in Hollywood. Vilma was Sam Goldwyn's gleaming star, and the film world will long remember the send-off he gave her.

First the showers. There were twenty-two. I know. I went to them all, and, not being overburdened at the time with this world's goods, was hard put to buy the presents required. They'd take only the best. In those days it would be as much as your life was worth to take some conversation piece from the five-and-ten. My sense of humor wasn't as highly developed as it is now. To-day I'd take any old thing, but how could I when my livelihood depended on getting more jobs?

I've yet to hear of Vilma giving as much as a luncheon to those who gave her those wedding showers. Maybe it was an oversight. As a Viennese, perhaps Vilma considered it crude to do things our way. Some people are destined to receive, others to give.

By the time the wedding day arrived even Sam Goldwyn was fed up. Vilma was so ecstatic over her loot (as it's usually referred to in Hollywood), she wanted it displayed where "the little people" could get a look at it, too. Miss Banky wanted J. W. Robinson's, one of Los Angeles' largest department stores, to clear all merchandise from their windows and show her presents, proving that she'd got the gift haul of the century.

Sam and his wife, Frances, had a time talking her out of it. The idea that this display of opulence might antagonise paying picture customers never entered Vilma's artistic blond

head. It buzzed around in Goldwyn's noggin like a wasp, and he wasn't getting stung.

When the day of the wedding arrived it was a sizzler. You were told to bring all three invitation cards out to get you through the crowd; one to get you into the church; the other, if you were lucky enough to live, to the reception.

I made the church all right. Went stag; always do. You see more. On the way down the aisle my usher, Ronald Colman, whispered, "Where do you want to sit?"

I picked, as who wouldn't, a place by the real First Lady of Hollywood, Mrs. Cecil DeMille, and settled down beside her to wait. We waited and wilted. Vilma had been given orders not to start for the church until Sam gave the signal. She had a police escort to whip through traffic. Speed laws didn't count for our weddings.

However, somebody mixed the signals. The officiating priest arrived at the chancel, did all the fascinating little things done at such a time, and turned expectantly to the centre aisle. No bride. He waited, his hands folded benignly over his crisp white surplice. He turned back to us, did more fascinating things, looked over his shoulder with a small frown, then turned his face to the altar and stood there stolidly.

There was a shriek of sirens. At long last the bride was arriving. Newsreel cameras outside and within the church kept grinding away as Vilma and her attendants floated down the aisle. The organ boomed forth an odd selection—"King of Kings," from "The Messiah." It was a happy coincidence that best man DeMille's picture "King of Kings" was playing at Grauman's Chinese Theatre. As the bridal party neared the chancel and the bridegroom and his best man moved towards the bride, an old dowager, hot and worn to the nub by the long delay, turned herself round in her seat, surveyed the crowd, and remarked in a hoarse whisper heard distinctly throughout the church, "Heavens above! All this fuss, and not a virgin in the bunch!"

The reception was the best of all, featuring a buffet table laden with orchids and rows of luscious brown turkeys, baked hams, salads, rolls, petits fours—and guards all around it! You were supposed to look at the



RECENT PHOTOGRAPH of columnist Hedda Hopper with producer Samuel Goldwyn. When Goldwyn's bright star Vilma Banky married Rod La Rocque in Hollywood in 1926, he gave her a wedding celebration so lavish that nobody in the film world has ever been able to outdo it.

food. Peg Talmadge, mother of Norma and Connie, got hungry and asked a caterer's man for a turkey sandwich. He gave her ham. She snapped, "I said turkey!"

"I know, madam," he replied, "but we're not cutting them now." For years Peg had got her way; that's the first time I ever saw her turned down. She ate the ham but it almost choked her.

SO we swallowed the wedding—if not the buffet. Funny how things slip back into your memory: I've attended many weddings in my day, but this was more circus than ceremony. I remember wishing at the time that I had a column so I could write it up.

The couple went on their well-publicised honeymoon and returned. For a year afterwards, Sam paid for Vilma's English lessons. But she never would learn. She'd got her man, so why worry?

Rod was cast as Norma Shearer's leading man in "Let Us Be Gay." His part was small; Norma got most of the footage; and Rod was so annoyed he'd bury his head in a newspaper while her close-ups were shot and read his lines to her from behind the paper. I warned him at the time that this might be his last movie unless he showed more enthusiasm. He didn't, and it was.

But peace, it's wonderful! Vilma and Rod are still married, and, lo and behold, to each other! She plays golf, and he sells real estate.

Frances Marion wrote "The Winning of Barbara Worth," which starred Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman. As she was going into Sam Goldwyn's office for a story conference she noticed a rugged young man dressed like a cowboy leaning against the wall of the studio building. He was talking through the open window to

Sam's secretary. As he was Marion's type, she gave him a second look, and as she went through the door even risked a third.

Inside, Sam was raging. He had been failed by his minions! The cast was assembled—all except a young steel-spring type to play the cowboy. How could he get star material without paying a fortune? Sam demanded. Whom could he get, anyhow?

Frances said, "I can get you a young man who won't cost much—he looks like good material to me."

"Who?" Sam demanded suspiciously.

"Hold your horses, Sam. I'll let you know in five minutes." Frances went out and said to the secretary, "Does that young man want to act?"

"He sure does."

"Get him in here right away." Frances went back to Sam. "He'll be here in ten minutes."

He was Sam looked him over. "What experience've you had?" he asked.

"None," drawled the cowboy. "I was an extra in one—two pictures."

Sam looked at Frances. She nodded. Her judgment had been sound enough for Goldwyn in the past. "All right, young man," Sam said, "I'll take a chance on you."

During the whole picture the cowboy never got off his pony, just sat there looking rugged. He fitted into the great outdoors, and the part was small. When the company went on location they thought so little of this lanky lad that they put him to bunk in the same tent with the Chinese cook. When the picture was finished, ready to be shown, no one even remembered his name. But they remember him now. I've heard a dozen people claim to have discovered him. Sure he would have been found eventually. Frances just beat everyone to it. His name is Gary Cooper.

Some spy at Paramount saw the preview of "The Winning of Barbara Worth." When it came time to make "Children of Divorce," with Clara Bow, they needed such a man as Coop. He was sent for, interviewed, and opined that he'd sure like to take a whack at it. Director Frank Lloyd said okay. It's one of the few instances of Sam Goldwyn letting the other fellow get ahead of him. To this day he'll thank you not to remind him that he was caught flat-footed. Throughout the years he had Coop in many pictures, but it still grips him to think he let him get away without even a struggle.

To be continued

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SYNOPSIS: Film-making lures actress-divorcee Hedda Hopper to Hollywood, where she has good breaks as well as disappointments while getting a foothold in the industry.

Temperamental European star Pola Negri is brought to Hollywood while Gloria Swanson, then at the peak of her screen career, is making a triumphal tour of the Continent.

Gloria returns, feuds with Negri, and leaves Hollywood to work in New York. There her plan to make independent films fails, but under the aegis of a new backer her first talkie, "The Trespasser," is a hit.

Producer Samuel Goldwyn brings the first batch of big-name writers to Hollywood. John Barrymore, coming into his own as a great screen lover, plays one scene of "Don Juan" with Hedda Hopper. NOW READ ON.

Judge these Medicines by the Mothers who use them!

Does it matter whether you ask for the medicines you buy by name? Is there any real difference between the various brands of medicines you are offered? They all look very much alike. Is there any difference in their effectiveness, in their dependability, in their quality? Ask your chemist. He knows medicines and is qualified to advise you. He will tell you that the name NYAL stands for the best that high quality ingredients and modern manufacturing methods can produce. He can recommend only NYAL product with complete confidence because he knows precisely what each one contains and what it is intended to do. And that's why so many mothers use NYAL in preference to any other brand.



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suppose I had better be going. Your kitchen clock is fast again. I put it right."

"I like the kitchen clock fast," Martha exclaimed exasperatedly. "I've said so before. You can put it on ten minutes again as you go through the kitchen."

Gem stared in a bewildered way and then went. Martha did not see her go, but she heard the bang of the front door that signified Kevin's departure for his law office.

Turning, she saw her husband at the kitchen door, his thick hair ruffled to a peak as always when angry.

"Martha, I want a clean pair of socks!"

"Fancy that!" she said pleasantly.

"Martha!" he repeated angrily. "I want a—"

"Clean pair of socks!" she shouted back. "How nice. Get them yourself."

She could see him turn in a dazed way and walk back into the kitchen.

"Mum!"

It was Ted's voice this time. "Dad wants to know where's his clean socks!"

"In the usual place!" she called out.

The hurt feelings in her heart unloosened. She could feel their tight fetters slipping apart and was conscious of a faint wonderment as to what might happen next.

"Mum!"

It was Ted again. "Dad says where's the usual place!"

"In his wardrobe," Martha laughed. "Tell him his socks have been kept there for twenty-seven years!"

Ted grinned and disappeared. Martha raked slowly now, letting the sun warm her arms as she heaped up the leaves.

"Mum!" Ted called plaintively. "There's no school lunch cut for me!"

"You'll find everything on the kitchen table!" Martha said cheerfully. "Mind you don't cut yourself."

He disappeared without grinning this time.

[from page 3]

She saw William bustle angrily out of the front gate. She had a feeling he wouldn't sell much insurance to-day.

Ted followed soon afterwards, wheeling his bike in a huffy fashion down the front path. Neither of them said good-bye to her. They often upset me, Martha thought, but I've never let them leave without saying good-bye.

Her lips trembled. Then she tossed her head, and taking a box of matches from her apron pocket she lit the leaves.

She loved the crackle and snap of burning leaves. She used to worry William when they were first married, standing so close to the fire that she could breathe deeply of the scented smoke. It swirled round her now, making her almost invisible.

She was a witch who would presently sink into the burning ash and be reborn another person in another world—then she was conscious of a sudden shout from the other side of the fence and somebody was there, beating the grass about her feet.

"It is all right! Stand ver' still, yes—be not frightened, no? The fire I will put out!"

Martha looked on, amused and touched. She could have stamped out the loops of flame in the grass at her feet, but she thought it would be more friendly to let her new neighbor do his good deed.

"That was very good and thoughtful of you, Mr. Spivskike—"

He grinned and she noted his sensitive, gentle mouth.

"The boys at work, they call me Spike," he said sharply. "It is much the easier."

They laughed together.

"Spike, you have probably saved me from burning myself. I was day-dreaming. Now I must go into my house and get ready for town."

"I am taking my mother to town also," he said. "Could you tell me please where we go to get the good books we may

read easily and someone to tell us and show us, yes?"

His face was innocent, his eyes without guile. Martha smiled at him. She had seen him watching Gem in the garden.

"You mean a library of some sort? My daughter Gem is at the School of Arts. If you go there and ask for her she will help you."

He beamed.

"Gem!" he said softly. "She is very beautiful like a golden lily, your daughter Gem, yes? I will go to her and thank you."

Now what have I done, Martha thought in a panic as she watched him leap the fence into his own yard. Gem will be annoyed, or will she, Martha wondered, remembering the sensitive mouth, and Spike's resolute eyes.

She went into the kitchen and sighed. A pile of dirty dishes littered the table. The meat board, pickled with raw liver and specks of flour, balanced crazily in the small sink.

Dispiritedly, she went into the dining-room. Her untouched plate of bacon was a wrinkled mass of cold food. Ted had spilt his glass of milk and not bothered to wipe it up.

In sudden, swift rebellion, Martha sped from the dining-room into the bedroom. She got out her best grey linen and her black shoes and hat, gazing at them distastefully.

She remade her decision to buy a green frock like the Olea chrysophylla and gold buttons for the yellow burnish that gave the tree its name.

She kicked aside the wet towels on the bathroom floor and ran a hot bath. She took Brenda's bath salts and sprinkled the crystals into the water. She opened a box of good soap Gem had been cherishing and took out a cake.

Brenda often took her nylons and Gem helped herself to Martha's lavender water, so now the score was starting to even.

An hour later, she closed the front door and stepped into a taxi. Now, she thought with satisfaction, when William said, "How much have you saved to bank this week, Mart?" he was going to get a shock.

Caught in a traffic jam, Martha did not give a thought to the ticking meter. The car crawled along and she relaxed against the cushions, gazing interestedly about her, feeling sorry for the people jammed together in the trams. She generally stood all the way when she went to town.

She decided she would shop for her frock first of all, while she was fresh and alert and before her feet began to tire.

Three hours later she was still searching for the Olea chrysophylla frock.

"Look!" she said desperately to the rather pre-occupied girl in the fashionable salon in the exclusive arcade. "Try to understand. I want a frock that looks like a tree!"

"Madam!"

Martha giggled.

"It does sound silly. I have a tree growing in my yard—an Olea chrysophylla. Every spring it buds forth new green leaves—but, because it's a big tree, by the time the last of the new leaves appear the first ones have turned dark and there's my tree looking beautiful in light and dark greens that somehow seem to be tinged with gold polish—if you know what I mean!"

The girl stared. "I think I do. Just a minute. Let me think!"

She covered her eyes with her slim hands. Pretty hands, Martha thought, ringless, well

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★ As I read the stars ★

By EVE HILLIARD ★

ARIES (March 21-April 20): Whether it's love or glamour, August 14 is an evening to remember. Should August 16 prove chilling or disillusioning, perhaps you expect too much.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): Those obliged to stay home and like it may find August 11 a grand day for getting things done. August 17 may become an orgy of domestic shopping.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): You're right on the merry-go-round on August 13, almost too busy to think, but working wonders. Better slacken off on August 16 to prevent nervous strain.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): You couldn't choose a better day than August 15 for carrying out plans in hand. Business transactions on August 17 are likely to be expensive.

LEO (July 23-August 22): Here's your last chance to get in on the ground floor on August 14. If feminine and in love, a dream may come true. August 15 is tops for luck or romance.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): While August 13 may shake you out of the doldrums, be careful on August 16 where personal accidents or loss of property are possible.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): While the morning of August 11 is likely to arouse hopes, don't be surprised if plans miscarry on August 14; it's just a passing setback.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): The way things work out on August 15 will suit you better than other people, but the events of August 17 put you on top of the world.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Any attempt to push your interests on August 12 may be disastrous, but all doors open freely on August 13.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Undertakings begun on August 11 may not bear fruit before August 13, but results should be excellent, with August 15 a day of rejoicing.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): Don't be a lone wolf, make one of the crowd on August 12 for pleasure or recreation. August 15 is unfavorable for sporting fixtures.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Plenty of work on August 11, perhaps more than you can handle, but August 15 should bring a reward showing that your efforts are appreciated.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.)



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[from page 37]

manicured, but unlacquered. They were a touch of simplicity contrasting her sophisticated black frock.

"I believe I know what you want and I think we have just the frock."

She came back carrying a soft, clinging, green frock, and Martha knew as soon as she looked at it that it was her frock. The belt of dark green was traced with pale green leaves edged with gold.

"It's rather expensive—one of our models, in fact. Will Madam try it on?"

"Madam will!" Martha said firmly.

It might take all her house-keeping money and some of her savings as well, but it was her frock.

"If your hat matched you could wear the frock away now," the girl said.

"Show me some hats!" Martha commanded recklessly.

Before she left she looked again in the long mirror and blinked wonderingly.

"Madam looks very smart, and very lovely," the salesgirl said sincerely.

Martha turned to her.

"You've been most patient and kind, and so helpful. I've had a most enjoyable time!"

Renie Hill laughed.

"You were a most unusual client. It's the first time I was ever asked for a dress that looked like a tree."

She sighed.

"You are lucky to live with trees. I have a flat in the middle of a sixth floor."

"Then you must come out and see my trees," Martha said. "I'm Mrs. Gray, of Limestone Road. Are you free on Sunday?"

Renie Hill looked startled.

"I know—I used to know a Kevin Gray, of Limestone Road. I'm Renie Hill. You wouldn't be Kevin's mother?"

"Why wouldn't I?" Martha demanded.

"How strange—that we should meet like this. If—if I had known Kevin had such a sweet mother, perhaps I wouldn't have quarrelled with him."

Martha stood very still.

"Is that why he's drinking?"

Renie's eyes widened.

"Is he? He threatened he would."

"I'm sorry you don't love my boy," Martha said gently. "But I do! You see it, well, we quarrelled. It was his fault and he won't apologise."

Martha nodded.

"His father's like that."

They gazed at each other understandingly.

"It's so awful giving in all the time," Rene said, "and so unfair."

Again Martha nodded.

"I know, but it's only the words they can't say, my dear. In their hearts they are sorry and they do all kinds of things to try and prove it. Still—I don't blame you, although I'm sorry. I would have liked to have had such a charming daughter-in-law."

Renie Hill laughed.

"I'll come on Sunday if I may!"

Martha's eyes shone.

"Thank you, my dear."

In the street she walked carefully, trying to save the frock being rubbed by the hurrying lunch-time crowd. She remembered a little, secluded cafe tucked away in the shadow of the Cathedral of St. John. She would lunch there.

She had often wondered just how much it would cost to eat at the lace-covered tables set deep in blue carpet—now she would know.

"Good morning, Mrs. Gray! I didn't recognise you looking so young and smart!"

Martha's face sparkled with pleasure.

"How are you, Dr. Garde. Not in the surgery this morning?"

"I was and will be again later. By the way, tell young Gem her X-ray plates came back. Just as I said. Not a thing wrong. The silly girl thought she had T.B."

"Oh!" Martha said faintly.

"She needs more exercise."

Dr. Garde advised, "and she should have some interest in life apart from those dusty books. Get her a young man!"

Martha beamed.

"I know the very person!" she promised. "I've started to do something about it."

"Good! Good-bye now. Be careful of that traffic if you intend crossing the street."

Martha hesitated obediently, looking to the left and right. Somebody pulled her arm, and she gazed into the accusing eyes of her married daughter.

"Mother! Mother, I didn't know you! What on earth—are you going somewhere special?"

Martha looked at her warily.

Young Bill was perched uncomfortably on Alice's hip and looked ready to scream his lungs out from sheer discomfort any minute. Ordinarily she would have rescued him with crooning endearments.

"Alice! How nice! And Bill, my lovely boy. Hold him higher, Alice. He's not a bit happy like that!"

Alice looked ready to cry.

"I'm trying to save my good dress. I never dreamt you'd be out on a Tuesday, Mother. You always iron. I went round to leave Bill with you and there was nobody home."

"Ring me next time, dear," Martha said smoothly. "I'm afraid I must be on my way. Look after Bill, even if it is your good frock. See you again some other time, dear. I'm in a hurry now."

AS Martha escaped, Bill's astonished wail of disappointment sounded high above the clang of trams, the honking of cars, and the roar of the midday traffic. As she stepped into the tranquil peace of the quiet cafe with the blue carpet, she chuckled heartlessly.

It was tough on poor little Bill, but for once he was at the complete mercy of his mother. His grandmother sat down and ordered chicken soup, crab salad, butterscotch tart with cream, and coffee to follow. There was an afternoon matinee of the National Ballet at the Regent, Martha mused, and her pulses tingled.

The Cathedral clock boomed five times as Martha, having spent her last shillings on hasty purchases of fruit and vegetables, boarded a crowded tram. She was doing rather well until the paper bag broke and a cabbage rolled out of her arms and disappeared under a sea of feet.

"It's all right, I've got it!"

A voice called.

Bob shouldered his way through to her, one big hand holding the cabbage aloft as if it were a football.

He grinned down at her.

"Give me those other parcels. I'll carry them."

For the first time, Martha really smiled at him. William would never carry parcels, much less a cabbage.

"Be careful, the carrots do try to bob out. I hope you and Brenda were not planning to go somewhere to-night. I'm afraid dinner will be late. I've been out!"

His eyes twinkled at her.

"So I gather! Brenda rushed home at four o'clock because Gem went home early and said the place looked as if you'd been kidnapped!"

"Oh dear!" Martha felt shame and horror fight for pos-

session of her guilty soul. "Is—is William—Mr. Gray home too?"

Bob's eyes twinkled more than ever.

"Afraid so!"

"And Alice and baby Bill?"

He nodded merrily.

"All the works! Your excuse had better be good!"

Martha swallowed.

"Well—I—I had a day out, that's all!"

The tram lurched boisterously and she felt his strong, steady grip on her arm. She looked up at him and realised with a shock that he understood.

"The trouble is, you've spoilt that gang. I'll have a sweet job making Brenda behave when we're married."

She laughed.

"You do like me a little bit, don't you?" he asked humbly. "Enough to let me marry Brenda this year?"

It was nice of him to put it that way, Martha thought. She had no power to stop them, even if she wished, and, surprisingly, she found she didn't want to part Brenda and Bob any longer.

"The sooner the better," she heard herself saying. "This is a brand new frock and very expensive. It will do nicely for the wedding if you hurry."

They walked in a dignified way up the front path, Bob gravely balancing the cabbage and still carrying the parcels.

"Has Gem got a beau? I saw her lunching to-day with a rather handsome edition of my sex."

"That," said Martha happily, "would be Spike."

Suddenly William and Brenda were on the stairs.

"The wanderer returns!" Bob called cheerfully. "Catch this cabbage, Bren, and quick march into the kitchen, my girl, and I'll teach you to make a hungry man's salad."

William came down the steps. "Mart!" he said. "I thought—I thought—I—Why did you go out without telling me? I—I bought you a silver wattle this afternoon. Ted and I planted it by the kitchen door."

Martha smiled. He would never say it in words, but by all his deeds he cried: "I'm sorry, Mart! I'm sorry I said I'd cut down your trees. Look, I've bought you a silver wattle!" She took his arm.

"Let's go in. I've a lot to do before I can give you any dinner."

"Don't go in," he pleaded.

"There's such a mob in there. Young Bill is playing up and Alice is in near hysterics. I told her it was high time she learned how to manage him. There wasn't half that noise about the place when you were rearing five. Gem washed up and set the table, and Brenda cleaned the bathroom."

Kevin came running down the stairs looking at the box in her hand with the striped covering of the Exclusive Salon.

"Mum—what's in there? Did you shop at that place?"

"Looks like I did, son. My old grey linen and black hat are in there," Martha said. "I bought a new dress and hat and changed into them. Such a nice girl served me."

Kevin was looking at her, his heart in his beseeching eyes.

"Her name," Martha told him, "was Renie. She is coming to tea on Sunday."

Kevin said nothing at all. He put his arms around his mother and kissed her gently. Then he raced to the telephone.

"Is he drunk again?" William demanded.

"He's intoxicated with love," Martha said reverently, and then laughed at the bemused look on her husband's face.

"Take me round to see my new wattle tree, William," she sighed happily. "It's been a beautiful day."

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CP53.1

again. I was sitting at my table after school, correcting a pile of labored "compositions," when the clatter of bucket and brooms outside my door warned me that Mrs. Thomas was coming to clean my room.

It was impossible to work while that was in progress, so I hastily gathered up my books, preparing to take refuge in Ann's room. As I reached the door, Mrs. Thomas' hesitant voice stopped me. "Could I speak to you for a few minutes, Miss Vicary?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Thomas." I turned back into the room and waited, but for a few seconds she didn't speak. She was obviously nervous. "What is it, Mrs. Thomas?" I asked at last. "Is it Ernie?" I thought he seemed better lately.

"Oh! He is, Miss Vicary. A lot better. No, no, it's not Ernie. It's—Joy!"

"Joy?"

"Yes, Miss Vicary. I'm that worried about her. I just don't know what to do with her. She's always been one to have her own way. Has Joy, but lately she's dreadful. Out till all hours of the night with I don't know who—and the talk of her! So wild and wicked it is. She won't listen to a word I say."

"I'm terribly sorry, Mrs. Thomas," I said sympathetically, "but how can I help you?"

Continuing . . .

"I was wondering, Miss Vicary, would you—do you think you could—have a little talk with her maybe? She might listen to you."

I gasped. The last task I wanted was to try to give Joy a little moral uplift. I felt quite sure she would laugh in my face. Poor Mrs. Thomas was so anxious and so desperately in earnest, however, that I felt I must say something. "Why, me, Mrs. Thomas?"

I asked weakly. "Surely there are other people who could do it better than I? What about the Rector?"

"Oh! Mr. Meredith! She wouldn't listen to him! Laughs at him, she does. When Mrs. Meredith was sick last time, Joy went to help at the rectory. I told her then she might learn a lot if she cared to, working for nice people like Mr. and Mrs. Meredith, but she just laughed and said she reckoned she could teach 'Holy Willie' a lot more than he could teach her. That's the sort of wild, silly talk she goes on with, Miss Vicary. No, I'm sure she'd only mock at Mr. Meredith."

I felt an unhappy certainty that she would undoubtedly "mock at" me, too. "What makes you think she'd listen

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to me, Mrs. Thomas?" I protested.

"She likes you, Miss Vicary. Reckons you're one of the few real ladies around here. You're kind to our Ernie, and that pleases her. If she'd take notice of anyone, it'd be you. Do say you will, Miss Vicary. She's minding Mrs. Walters' little girl again next Wednesday, isn't she? I thought you might get a chance to have a few words with her then. I'd be real grateful, Miss Vicary."

I felt sorry for the poor woman. Joy would be a problem for any mother, and I finally promised the occasion to speak to her if the occasion presented itself. Mrs. Thomas was so profusely grateful that I felt more embarrassed than ever and was thankful to escape to Ann's room.

Ann laughed heartlessly when she heard of my predicament. "Bring your problems to Auntie Noel and let her advise you," she teased.

"It's no joke, Ann," I protested, aggrieved. "How in the world am I to approach the little wretch?"

"That's your problem, honey," laughed Ann. "I wish you luck."

"I'll need it," I muttered gloomily.

I need not have worried. I never saw Joy Thomas again.

People talk of the entertainments to be found in the city, but I have always found social life in the country much brighter and more entertaining. With no theatres or dance halls to depend on, country people find their enjoyment among themselves with private parties or dances and balls at which the whole population gathers.

In Sutton the winter was never dull, and every sporting club, lodge, or institution had its own ball as a means of raising funds. The Tennis Club usually held its annual ball earlier in the year, but that year it had been postponed until July and had to be fitted in on a mid-week evening.

Ailsa was an enthusiastic and popular member of the club and was naturally one of the committee in charge of the arrangements for the ball. It was one of the highlights of her year, and she always looked forward to it eagerly.

The evening started badly. She had been busy all the afternoon helping with the preparations, and I had been home for some time before she arrived home, dragging a tired and fretful Belinda. Between us we quickly prepared tea and bathed Belinda, expecting a hungry John to put in an appearance at any minute.

Time passed, however, without any sign of him, and I

could tell, from the tightening of Ailsa's lips and her rapid, jerky movements, that she was beginning to get annoyed. We decided not to wait for him; ate a hasty tea; and I sent Ailsa off to get dressed while I tackled the dishes.

"Whatever can be keeping John?" she demanded irritably. "He knows we have to leave early to-night." She opened the door and looked down the dark road. The rain, which had been threatening all day, was now falling steadily, and I found myself wishing I was staying at home with a book by the fire rather than venturing out in flimsy evening clothes. It was not until half-past seven that a wet, but cheerfully impenitent, John appeared.

"Sorry, old girl," he said in response to Ailsa's welcoming tirade. "I had to go out to old Featherstone's place and couldn't get back before. Did a good day's business, though. Maybe you'll be able to get yourself a new frock for the next ball. Now don't get flurried. It won't take me any time to have tea and change. I'll be ready to leave in half an hour."

He was as good as his word, but by that time, Ailsa had another worry. Joy, who had promised to be early, had not yet arrived. Ailsa's impatience threatened an outburst.

"Why don't you and John go?" I suggested. "I'm not ready yet, and, in any case, Tony will probably be late calling for me. He is taking the surgery to-night and there's no knowing what time he will finish. If Joy hasn't arrived by the time he comes, we will wait until she shows up."

"What if she doesn't come at all?"

"Well, it won't matter much. You know, I don't like going out during the week when I have to be up and off to work next morning. Tony and I can have a pleasant evening by the fire until you get home. Now off you go and enjoy yourselves. Don't worry. Belinda will be quite all right."

"She'd better get into bed now, before we go."

Belinda's lip drooped. "Wanta see Joy," she whimpered.

"Well, you can't," snapped Ailsa. "Get off to bed."

"I'll put her in presently," I volunteered. "We'll have a nice story in front of the fire, won't we, Belinda? Don't frown, Ailsa! You'll spoil your make-up."

"Well, it is provoking," said Ailsa with a rueful grin, "but if you're sure, you really don't mind, Noel—"

"Of course I don't mind. I'll see you later. Take her away, John." I bundled them out the door and closed it firmly.

After I had given Belinda her promised story and tucked her into bed, the house seemed

strangely quiet. There were no other houses close to us, and the only sound was the steady drumming of the rain on the iron roof.

I had lost all interest in the dance, but I finished dressing and sat down in front of the fire to wait for Tony or Joy to arrive. Remembering my promise to Mrs. Thomas, I tried to plan my approach to Joy, but the prospect filled me with dismay.

As always when one is waiting, the minutes stretched into hours. I picked up a book and put it down again; did a few rows of knitting and laid that aside in its turn. It was still comparatively early in the evening, but it felt like midnight.

When Micky, John's old sheepdog, set up a sudden barking I jumped as though I had been shot, and held my breath for a moment to listen even more intently. I could hear nothing to account for his bark, and, going to the door, told him to "lie down" in a voice that quavered unaccountably. He whimpered softly, but obeyed, and I returned to the fire.

Lighting a cigarette, I was surprised to find the match trembling in my fingers, and sharply told myself not to be

foolish. But it was with a rush of relief that I heard Tony's car pull up, and I clung to him for a moment with a vehemence that surprised him.

"All alone?" he queried. I explained the position.

"I can't think what's become of Joy. She should have been here long ago," I said as we sat down. "Did you see anything of her anywhere?"

"Not a sign, but I don't mind if she doesn't come at all. It's a filthy night and that fire looks good."

We settled ourselves comfortably by the hearth. Now that Tony had arrived spirits reassured themselves. We had so much to talk of, so many plans for the future to discuss, that I gave a start of surprise when the clock on the mantelshelf chimed ten o'clock.

"Joy certainly won't be coming now," Tony remarked. "I hope Ailsa isn't worrying, because I'm perfectly happy here."

"So am I," I agreed sleepily.

Poor Ailsa was worrying, however, and it was not long before we heard their car pull in to the garage.

"You're home early," I greeted her.

"Yes, I couldn't enjoy myself. I was watching all the

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Continuing

Murder Among Those Present

time for you to arrive and wondering what had become of that little beast. Off with one of her boy-friends, I suppose. Won't I give her a piece of my mind when I see her. She might at least have let me know."

"Never mind," soothed John. "Let's all have a drink and forget all about her. We may as well end the evening cheerfully."

Ailsa pouted, but agreed, and by the time Tony took his leave and we prepared for bed, she had almost forgotten her grievance.

"What happened to you two last night?" asked Ann next morning, as she and Sylvia came in for morning tea. "I was the sole school representative."

I explained what had happened in my case. "Bad luck," commented Ann. "It was a bright show. What about you, Sylvia? I thought you were going."

"Changed our minds at the last moment. Mum wasn't very well and Ron was late calling for me, so we decided not to bother going." She looked sullen and unhappy and changed the subject abruptly. As she obviously wanted no further comment, we followed her lead.

My class had decided to be tiresome that day and it was with a sigh of relief that I shepherd the last child out of the room at the end of the afternoon. The room was heavy with the smell of steamy, wet clothes, ink, and chalk-dust and I hastily prepared to leave it, deciding to do my preparation for the next day at home. At the doorway I was stopped by Mrs. Thomas.

"Oh, Miss Vicary, what time did Joy leave your place last night?"

"She didn't come, Mrs. Thomas. I was going to ask you what became of her."

The tired lines on her face deepened and she leaned heavily against a desk. She looked suddenly old. "She hasn't been home all night, Miss Vicary. What can she be doing? She's been late many a time, but she's never stayed out all night before."

"Are you sure, Mrs. Thomas?" I asked stupidly.

"Sure enough. She left home just after tea, saying she had promised Mrs. Walters she'd be early. Didn't even help me with the dishes before she went. I went to bed about ten and I must have been tired, for I went straight off to sleep. When I went to call her this morning, she wasn't in the room and she hadn't slept in her bed. I've been that worried all day, waiting for her to come home, but she hasn't been home all day."

"If she did stay out all night," I said thoughtfully, "perhaps she went straight to work. Have you asked at the hotel?"

"I didn't like to. You know how easy talk starts in this place. I thought of sending Ernie with a message, but I don't fancy sending him to the hotel and he doesn't know Joy's missing. What'll I do, Miss Vicary? I'm so upset, I just can't think!"

"I'm sure everything will be all right, Mrs. Thomas. There must be some explanation. Would you like me to slip along to the hotel? Mrs. Hart is always pleased to see me and I could easily make an excuse to ask for Joy."

"Oh! Would you, Miss Vicary? I'd be so grateful."

Rather intrigued, but not, as yet, alarmed, I buttoned my-

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self in my raincoat and hurried along the wet streets to the hotel. Since I had stayed there, I was always welcome in Mrs. Hart's private room. That stout, cheerful body loved a chat and, in fact, I had, at times, found her voluble hospitality embarrassing. On this particular afternoon, it was half an hour before I could stem the tide of her conversation and ask if I might see Joy for a minute.

INSTEAD of the ready assent I expected, my request drew an exasperated snort from Mrs. Hart.

"That good-for-nothing baggage!" she said vehemently. "I wish I could see her for a minute myself. Not a sign of her have I seen this day, and the house full of travellers and no one to wait on the tables with Beryl sick. Knew I was short-handed she did, and just took the day off without a word. If girls weren't so hard to get, I'd have none of her. She's so unreliable. Good worker, mind you, when she is here, but comes and goes as she pleases. Girls nowadays—"

She was off on her favorite subject, so, taking a deep breath, I interrupted firmly, said good-bye, and retraced my steps to the waiting Mrs. Thomas in a much more thoughtful frame of mind.

"Oh! Miss Vicary. Where can she be?" Mrs. Thomas said, when she heard the news. "I know something has happened to her."

"Now, Mrs. Thomas," I said firmly, with more conviction than I felt, "you mustn't get so upset. There is probably some perfectly simple explana-

tion. Perhaps she spent the night with one of her girl-friends."

"Joy hadn't any girl-friends. Not the sort of friends you'd stay the night with off hand like that. And why wouldn't she have told me? I tell you, Miss Vicary, I just don't like it."

"I didn't like it much myself. I could imagine no reason for staying out on a wet, miserable night such as the previous one had been. Could she have gone away on sudden impulse?"

"She told me recently that she thought of going to Hobart," I suggested doubtfully. "Do you think, perhaps—"

"Would she go with not even a change of clothes, Miss Vicary? And how would she go? There's no train nor service car out of Sutton in the evening."

"Unless she went with someone in a car."

"I don't think she'd go without telling me. And surely she'd have taken some of her things. No! I'm quite sure something has happened to her."

"If she had had an accident you'd surely have heard by this time. I think, if you are really worried, you'd better have a word with Sergeant Blackwood."

"The police, Miss Vicary! Oh! I couldn't go to them! I've never had dealings with the police in all my life."

"But you've known Sergeant Blackwood for years," I protested. "You know you can trust him to be discreet. He isn't the type of man to start gossip, and I'm sure he would help you."

She opened her mouth to

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Continuing . . .

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protest again, but I forestalled her. "Now, listen, Mrs. Thomas. You finish off your work here and then I'll come along to the police station with you. I'm sure it is the best thing to do."

The sergeant listened to our story sympathetically. He was a man for whom I had a very real respect, and his small daughter was one of my favorite pupils. I could think of no one better suited to cope with the problem, for he knew the district and its inhabitants thoroughly.

"There have been no accidents reported, Mrs. Thomas," he said encouragingly, "so I think Joy must either have gone to friends or gone off for a trip with someone on the spur of the moment." He knew as well as I did that a sudden elopement was quite in keeping with Joy's character, but I imagine, wanted to hurt Mrs. Thomas as little as possible.

"I'll have a few inquiries made," he said thoughtfully. "I won't cause any more talk than I can help. If she left the town to-day by train or bus she is sure to have been seen, but I think you'll find she's staying with someone locally. Now you go home, Mrs. Thomas, and try not to worry. Most likely she'll turn up at home for tea and you'll have a good laugh together when you hear the explanation."

If the sergeant spoke more optimistically than he felt, his cheerful manner had its effect on Mrs. Thomas. I think she really felt that, when she arrived home, Joy would be there, blandly waiting for her tea.

But Joy was not at home for tea. Nor did the sergeant's careful inquiries reveal any useful information. From the moment she said good-bye to her mother and set off to come to our house not a soul could be found who admitted seeing or speaking to her.

Despite the sergeant's efforts not to arouse gossip, he could not combat the village grapevine. By the next day the town buzzed with rumor and speculation and even the children at school whispered among themselves and questioned poor Ernie until I had to interfere.

Ann and I were naturally curious and sorry for Mrs. Thomas, but the effect on Sylvia was amazing. All that day she drifted around the school in an unhappy daze, and anyone looking at her white face and haunted eyes would have imagined the missing girl to be her best friend. Remembering her outburst of a few weeks before, I wondered if, perhaps, she felt remorseful.

The rumors grew and multiplied. Going shopping on Saturday morning, I was greeted with a dozen new ones. Joy had been seen with a stranger getting into a big, black car. Someone had caught a glimpse of her crossing the golf course. Someone else had seen her on horseback. I would not have been surprised if someone had seen her flying over the moon on a broomstick.

I was down at Tony's home on Saturday evening and Aunt Bea had just called us to the table for the evening meal when the telephone rang. Tony went to answer it and Aunt Bea smiled at me.

"You'll have to get used to that if you are going to be a doctor's wife, my dear. I'm often sorry the wretched thing was ever invented. Ring, ring, ring, morning, noon, and night, and half the time it's for nothing at all."

I hardly heard her, for I was listening to Tony's voice through the open door.

"Yes, Yes, Sergeant. I'll come at once."

He came back into the room, his face set and stern. "Sorry, Aunt Bea. I have to go out. You go ahead with tea." He looked at me. "Noel, you'd better wait for me until I come back. You may as well know now. They have found Joy in the river—with a bag of stones tied round her waist."

Somehow we got through our meal, but I was too shocked to appreciate Aunt Bea's excellent cooking. Just as we finished the meal the phone rang again. Dr. Gray answered it and talked quietly for a few minutes. I heard him say, "Very well, son," and was not surprised to see him buttoning on his overcoat when he came back to us.

"They have taken the body to the hospital," he said. "The sergeant wants an immediate post-mortem so that he can issue a burial order as soon as possible. Tony wants me to be with him. If any urgent calls come in, you can get me at the hospital."

So that was what Joy had become—just "the body." It seemed so pitiful that I was aware of the sharp prick of tears behind my eyeballs. Aunt Bea's manner was unusually gentle and she tried to talk of other things. The effort was a failure, for all topics led us back to the tragedy.

"Poor Mrs. Thomas," I said sadly. "This is going to be terrible for her—and for little Ernie, too."

"Yes," agreed Aunt Bea simply, and we fell silent.

It was growing late before we heard a car in the drive and Dr. Gray returned alone.

"Tony is with Mrs. Thomas," he said. "The poor woman is hysterical. He will give her something to quieten her and let her get some sleep. One of her neighbors is staying with her to-night."

Tony came in a little later. He looked tired and drawn, and just said quietly, "Get your things, Noel, and I will drive you home."

He did not, however, start off in the direction of home, but drove off along the main road, saying something about a breath of fresh air before bed. For some time we drove in silence, and then he pulled the car to the side of the road and stopped.

"This has been a bad shock to you, hasn't it?" he asked quietly.

"Yes."
"I think it might be as well if we talked it over quietly now. I know I can rely on your discretion. The whole town will have the facts shortly, so I don't think it can do any harm if I discuss them with you, provided you don't talk to others."

"It just seems so dreadful, because I knew Joy," I said feebly. "Tony, how did she die?"

"She was drowned," he said soberly. "She was undoubtedly alive when she went into the water."

"Did she—did she do it herself, do you think? Or could someone have thrown her in?"

"I can't say, Noel. Either is possible. There were no obvious signs of a struggle. She could have tied the stones round her waist herself, but so could someone else. It was only a matter of slipping a loop round her waist and giving a quick push. With that weight pulling her down she'd have had no chance of swimming."

I was silent for a moment, struggling with the picture his words evoked. Thinking back,

To page 43

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Waltz Dream . . 12/11 Elation . . 14/11 Petit Point . . 16/11

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 12, 1953

Continuing Murder Among Those Present

I felt it was most unlikely that the girl who had cheerfully told me of her plans for a life in Hobart had suddenly decided to end that life. I said aloud, "Tony, I'm sure she didn't kill herself. Why on earth should she?"

"She was pregnant," he said slowly. "That is sometimes a motive for suicide."

I digested this fact silently. My initial shock was now being replaced by interest as I considered the problem.

"It could be a motive for murder, too," I said excitedly. "If she was going to have a baby, she could have become an embarrassment to someone. I wonder who the father was. Perhaps someone who was already married, or someone whose position or reputation would be ruined by the scandal coming to light. Tony, I'm sure that's it. Whoever could it have been?"

"Well, that's for the police to find out, Noel," said Tony dryly. "From what I know of Joy, they will have quite a wide field of suspects. I imagine they will have a hard task."

"Was she killed on that Wednesday? The night she didn't show up at Ailsa's?"

"I can't say definitely, but I think that is most likely, as she hasn't been seen since then. Still, that doesn't help much. The police can't ask everyone in Sutton to account for his movements last Wednesday night. Unless they find something that points to a particular person, I should say it was pretty hopeless."

"What about the rope and the bag? They might provide a clue."

"Possibly, but it's a remote chance. Rope and chaff bags are common objects in the country. Anyway, as I said, those are things for the police to worry about. Now I think I had better take you home. It is very late."

As we drove home my thoughts turned, with aching sympathy, to the poor mother, who, at that moment, slept quietly under the influence of the sedative Tony had given her, but who must wake in the morning to sorrow. I said impulsively, "Tony, I must go and see Mrs. Thomas tomorrow."

"Must you, Noel? These people really don't concern you and you will only distress yourself."

"No I won't," I insisted. "I know it would please her. It's the least I can do. She wanted me to talk to Joy. I wonder if

it would have made any difference if I had."

"None at all," said Tony briskly. "For heaven's sake don't go upsetting yourself with thoughts like that. Here we are at the gate. In you go, my dear, and try to sleep." His good-night kiss was gentle and comforting.

It was with a heavy heart that I set out to call on Mrs. Thomas. As I walked up the path, I heard the sound of voices, and before I could

Reasons for poor bread

MANY housewives who complain about the quality of the average loaf of bread are themselves partly to blame.

They stow bread in un-ventilated bins while the loaves are still warm and clean out the stale crusts and crumbs only sporadically.

But there are other reasons for the many complaints about Australian bread. In N.S.W. these complaints led to a two-years-long Royal Commission and the establishment of a special bread research institute to assist and advise bakers.

An article in the August 18 issue of A.M., Australia's most popular weekly magazine, exhaustively examines this important, everyday subject of bread.

knock at the front door, it was opened. I drew to one side as Mrs. Thomas ushered out the soberly clad figure of the Rector.

"Ah. Good afternoon, Miss Vicary. Good-by, Mrs. Thomas. I leave you in good hands."

"Good-bye, Mr. Meredith. Thank you for calling. Do come in, Miss Vicary. Come into the fire." She looked pale and tired and her eyes were red and swollen with weeping, but she was quite composed and seemed more at ease than I as I tried to stammer my condolences.

"Thank you, Miss Vicary. It was very kind of you to come. Everyone is being good to me. The Rector just called to see me about the arrangements

for the funeral to-morrow. He is a bit worried. If it was suicide, he says, she should not be buried in consecrated ground or something like that. He has had a word with Dr. Gray and Sergeant Blackwood and they both told him they couldn't say, so he is going to bury her in the proper part of the churchyard. I'm glad of that, Miss Vicary. It's very kind of him."

Abruptly she added, "Joy didn't kill herself, you know, Miss Vicary."

"No, I don't believe she did, either," I said warmly.

"Did you know she was going to have a baby?"

"Yes, Mrs. Thomas."

"The sergeant is inclined to think she might have done it because of that, but she didn't, Miss Vicary. I know Joy. She never killed herself on account of that baby. Maybe someone else did, though."

"Have you any idea who it might be?" I asked.

"No. I've not or I'd have set the sergeant on to him before this. Joy never told me anything about her affairs. Whoever he is, he's a devil, Miss Vicary! I hope he gets his deserts."

Her hard composure cracked and the tears ran silently down her worn cheeks. I struggled to control my own. Whatever Joy had been, and whether or not she deserved the fate meted out to her, this quiet, hard-working woman did not deserve any of the grief she was now suffering. I was filled, at that moment, with a hard anger which never really left me until the whole sorry affair was ended.

Mrs. Thomas roused herself from her unhappy reverie. "About the school, Miss Vicary—"

"Don't worry about it. We'll do it ourselves until you feel equal to it. I'll tell Mr. Marsh."

"And I think I'll keep Ernie at home for a while. The other kids'll only torment him."

"Yes. Do. Is he much upset?"

"He hasn't said much. He never does, but I don't think he rightly understands this yet. I only hope it doesn't make him bad again. He doted on Joy."

"Is there anything I can do, Mrs. Thomas?"

"Nothing, thanks. Sergeant Blackwood has helped me a lot and made all the necessary arrangements. If you could have come to the funeral, per-

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Your lovely hands agree
with your sheerest hosiery...

Lux is
so safe

My, such elegant ankles in sheer-as-shadow nylons! But not a whit lovelier than the lady's heavenly hands. Easy to see she scorns strong soaps and harsh washing methods—for hose and hands! How nice to know, too, that stockings all last twice as long if you whisk out perspiration with a Lux dip after every wearing!



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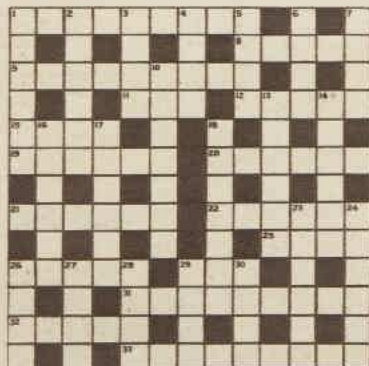
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- For a meaningless talk fit out mother with an actor's part (8).
- Lover from Verona, yet his name is nothing to a nother Italian city (8).
- When Ben takes double gin, that's the start (3).
- Mount from both sides (3).
- Musical instrument or a turned horse (5).
- Undisguised artless sign to a writing instrument (4).
- It's a warning, not frozen water (6).
- English flying centre of a schiary bird? (6).
- Diagram of America.

- but I am not in it (6).
- Ancient Spain (6).
- Repose (4).
- Central part of a winding stair sounds as if it were a recent measure of length (5).
- Name of many a pope in the Zodiac (2).
- Appearance in due succession found out in love (9).
- Rack with yellowish brown centre (5).
- Commented upon in the year ten and consumed five hundred (9).

Solution will be published next week.



DOWN

- Type of bone and nearly bone (6).
- Tittering girl (6).
- Relation of you surrounded by insect (4).
- No mural of food in the memorial service (4).
- Thus an ocre can be upset (4).
- Trees turn stiff and privy (4).
- Light for lunatics (4).
- This bunch of flowers seems to indicate a joyful organ (7).
- It could be applied to Marjorie Jackson or to a bean (6).

- A scholar is a beautiful youth (6).
- Italian river prepared an unguent (6).
- Council which settled the Arian controversy (6).
- Wither with split inside (7).
- Oppose an upset sister (6).
- Edward under a heavy weight made amends (6).
- The beginning of 10 down (4).
- Waste in low earth (4).
- Mother of Caster and Polux (4).
- Look an accommodation (4).
- Eject hut leaving us in it (4).

Solution to last week's crossword.



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Continuing Murder Among Those Present

from page 43

haps—but you'll be in school, won't you?"

"I'm afraid so," I said, with inner thankfulness. I was feeling depressed enough and was glad to be spared the ordeal of what must inevitably be a painful ceremony . . .

The following day was a trying one at school. The children were restless and uneasy, and I found it hard to maintain discipline. I was conscious of Ernie's empty desk and found my thoughts straying to the churchyard and the pitiful ceremony that would be taking place there.

I was glad when the time came to dismiss the class. Ann shared my depression and we spoke little as we busied ourselves cleaning the classrooms as I had promised Mrs. Thomas we would do.

The work fell to us, for Sylvia, pleading a sick headache, had left for home almost as soon as the children. Truth to tell, we were glad to see her go. Joy's disappearance had certainly upset Sylvia, but her reappearance had had a devastating effect. She looked positively ghastly, and I could well believe her plea of a sick headache.

I was to find that she was not the only resident of Sutton to be so affected.

A blanket of horror seemed to descend on the little town. Rumor and gossip swelled and spread and, with each fresh whisper, the tension heightened. Even I, whose life had never been affected by the dead girl, felt myself responding to the general uneasiness and crawling fear that gripped the townsfolk.

I think the weather was partly to blame. The winter was now at its worst, and each successive day dawned wet and cold, with driving rain and biting winds. The long, bitter nights were productive of gloomy thoughts and sinister imaginings. Even worse than the weather, however, was the uncertainty that surrounded the whole affair and invaded every mind.

Sergeant Blackwood had notified police headquarters in Hobart and a detective had been sent up to assist him. The whole town knew that, but, despite the rumors which multiplied daily, no one really knew just what line the police investigations were taking, nor in what direction their suspicions, if any, pointed. But many people were afraid.

Mothers looked at sons and wives looked at husbands and in each pair of eyes was the same frightened question—"Who was the father of Joy's unborn child?"

Even Ailsa caught the fever. She came into my room one afternoon, a worried frown between her brows.

"Noel, you remember the Wednesday night Joy disappeared?"

"Am I likely to forget it?" I responded tartly.

"Well, do you remember how late John was getting home that night? He said he had been out at Mr. Featherstone's, but how do I know where he was? He would have to come home by the bridge near the pool where Joy was found. Oh, Noel! Do you think—"

"My dear, good idiot!" I interrupted firmly. "I don't think anything at all, and neither do you really. You've only got the jitters that seem to be affecting half the town. For goodness' sake, don't be so completely stupid. You know, as well as I do, that John has never so much as looked sideways at another woman since the day he married you."

"Oh, Noel! Do you really think so?"

"Of course I do, so put this poisonous nonsense out of your head once and for all."

That disposed of Ailsa. I hoped, but I was to find that others of my immediate circle were equally on edge.

My nicknames at the various schools in which I taught had inevitably been "Ginger" or "Carrots," but, despite that, I was secretly rather proud of my auburn curls and was a regular customer of the town's lone hairdresser. The day after my brush with Ailsa, I waited in the small salon for my regular "shampoo and set."

Miss Bates never, by any chance, kept her appointments to time, and I was whiling away the time with an out-dated magazine. In the cubicle near me Miss Bates was giving a monologue. There was no need to guess the subject. There was only one topic of conversation in Sutton.

QUITE clearly, Miss Bates' voice floated out to me: "I always said that girl would come to a bad end, but you can't tell me it was suicide. Mark my words, there's some murdering scoundrel loose in Sutton. Still, the police will get him for sure. I hear that detective from Hobart is one of their best men. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if we heard of an arrest any day now. Mercy me! What's the matter?" Her voice rose to a scream. "She's fainted! Help, someone! Help! Quickly!"

I ran quickly into the cubicle. Slumped in the chair, her normally fallow face a pale green in the artificial light, was my colleague Sylvia Kennedy.

Miss Bates continued to squawk helplessly, like an agitated fowl.

"Be quiet!" I said sharply. "Help me get her on to the floor and then get a cushion from the waiting-room."

Somehow, between us, we lifted the unconscious girl on to the floor, and I hastily loosened her clothing. Miss Bates was trying to force a cushion under her head, and looked at me with indignant astonishment when I snapped, "Under her feet. Get her legs up higher than her head." I bit my tongue to stop myself adding "Idiot."

To my relief, Sylvia stirred almost immediately and opened her eyes. After a few seconds, in which her eyes held mine with the blank, wondering stare of a puzzled child, I saw realisation dawn in them, and they darkened with sudden pain. She struggled to sit up.

"Did I faint?" she asked.

"How silly of me. No. Don't hold me down, Noel. Help me into a chair."

I did as she asked, while Miss Bates hovered round us twittering with distress. "You gave us such a fright, Sylvia. Whatever made you go and faint like that?"

"I don't know, Miss Bates. It was terribly hot under that dryer and I wasn't feeling very well when I came in. I'll just sit here for a minute and then I'll go home. I'm all right now."

"I'll come with you," I volunteered. "I don't think you should go alone."

"No. You stay and have your hair done, Noel. I'll be quite all right when I get out in the fresh air."

My arguments were unavailing. She threw off my restraining hand with a petulant, "For goodness' sake, don't fuss, Noel," and I had, perforce, to let her go.

"Funny thing, her fainting like that," commented Miss Bates, as she settled me in the chair. I had my own ideas as to what ailed our Sylvia, but I had no intention of sharing them with Miss Bates, the town's most malicious gossip.

"She hasn't been well for some time," I said curtly, "and, as she said, it is stuffy in here."

I had underestimated my companion.

"Hasn't been well, eh?" she said, with a sniff. "Well, I'm sure it's not to be wondered at with that Ron of hers chasing Joy Thomas the way he has been these past few months. After all the years he's kept Sylvia waiting for him, too. Make any decent girl sick, it would."

This only confirmed my own suspicions, but I was determined not to discuss one of my colleagues with this spiteful woman, and I firmly led the conversation into other channels. I was becoming tired of the very name of Joy Thomas and wished fervently that people would find a fresh interest. I didn't want to hear her mentioned again.

I was not to have my way, however. The first lesson the next morning was what the children called "Scripture." On one day a week, the ministers from the respective churches called at the school to give religious instruction. The Church of England class was held in my room, and the Rector usually buttonholed me for a few minutes' conversation beforehand.

I did not particularly like the Reverend Meredith, although he was a good orator and a tireless worker who

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FOR THE CHILDREN

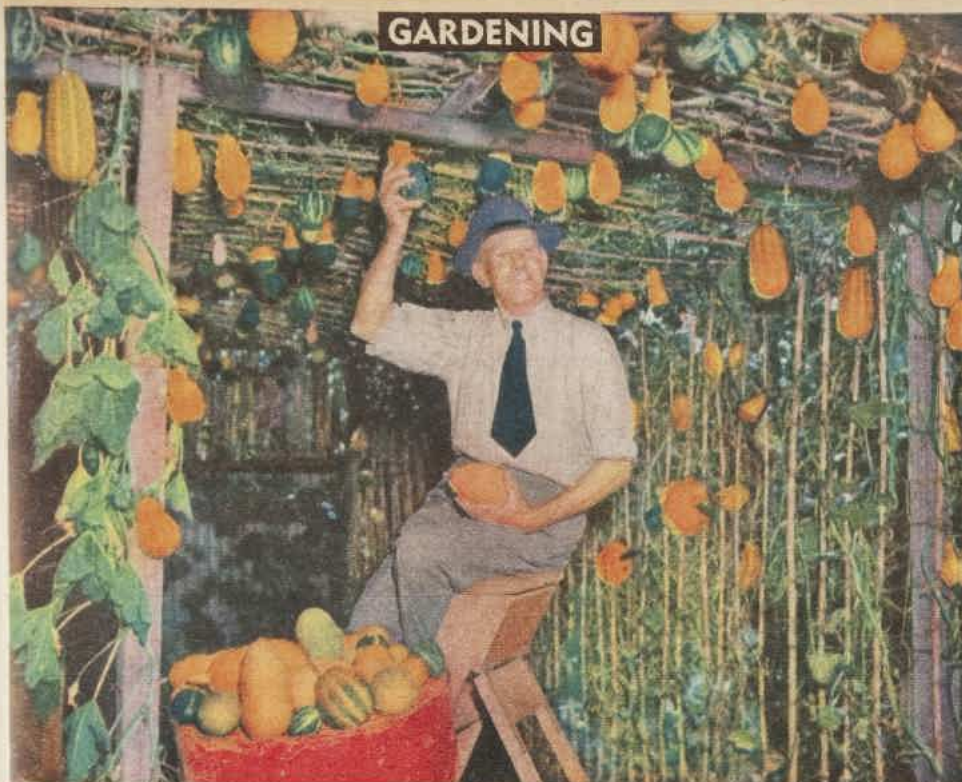
Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 12, 1953

GARDENING



PICKING GOURDS. Mr. R. F. Williams, of Smithfield, South Australia, picks gourds from a bamboo trellis in his garden. There are many varieties and some extraordinary shapes in this collection. Gourds grow profusely in hot, dry districts.

Gourds of many colors

The greatest joy in growing ornamental gourds, according to experts Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Williams, of Smithfield, S.A., is that "you never know what you'll get until the crop comes."

TO those not gifted with a gardener's philosophy, growing gourds may seem a slow sort of hobby, but in Mrs. Williams' opinion it is actually quite exciting.

"You plant your seeds of certain known varieties in October," she said. "At the end of summer you may find yourself picking new

varieties or variations of old varieties.

"Sometimes you produce gourds that have never been seen before. But, of course, you stand to lose varieties, too."

There are approximately 400 known kinds of gourds. Mr. and Mrs. Williams have produced at least 70 on their vines.

These ardent gardeners have only a small garden area,

but they use every inch, and keep themselves in fruit, flowers, and vegetables, with much to spare for friends as well.

To conserve space they have peach and nectarine trees growing espalier fashion along the fences.

The gourds grow on a high bamboo trellis at the bottom of the garden and hang like colorful lanterns from a lacy ceiling.

By FRED A YOUNG

Shades from lemon to orange predominate, but the combinations of yellow and green are legion and fascinating.

"Some people think we paint the gourds, because they are so extraordinary at times," Mrs. Williams declared. "But nature is the artist."

Some of the fruit (or vegetables, according to fancy) have queer polypoid surfaces, others a billiard ball smoothness. Shape, size, and pattern show astonishing variations.

By tying strings or bands around the gourds it is easy to get queer distortions, according to Mrs. Williams.

Americans, who have several gourd societies, cultivate the queer shapes and make baskets, vases, toys, and novelties of them. In parts of the U.S.A. this has become a regular and profitable industry.

Mrs. Williams believes that gourd growing is more successful in South Australia than in other not-so-warm States. The plants do not need much water and do not thrive in heavy rainfall country.

Seeds should be planted in October, six inches apart and from one and a half to two inches deep. Do not over water. In South Australia they are usually picked in February, but the harvest season is later in colder climates.

The gourds last for six months or more after picking. Then, if they are grown to maturity, they can be lacquered so that they will last for years. They are highly prized for interior decoration, particularly for tables.



ARRANGEMENT OF GOURDS. Mrs. D. Darian Smith arranged this collection of gourds from the garden of Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Williams. It shows the great variety of this non-edible garden product, which is a decorator's delight.

PAIN goes quicker with DISPRIN

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M.W.53



never neglected any part of his parish work. No member of his flock could be ill or in trouble without a visit from the Rector, and he devoted all his considerable energy to his church and its well-being.

Despite this, he was not popular with the people. I think they sensed the fact that, while he was constantly among them, he was never really of them. My own opinion was that he was driven by a restless personal ambition, and that his efforts were directed to the glory of William Meredith rather than to the glory of God.

"Good morning, Miss Vicary," he said pontifically, as he entered the classroom that morning. "Winter is really with us now. My wife is keeping Alwyn home this morning. He has a heavy cold and it is as well to be careful. He wanted to come with me, but I told him it was best for him to stay at home."

I murmured agreement. Whatever his parishioners thought of him, Mr. Meredith had one fervent admirer. To his small son he not only represented Divinity—he was Divinity itself.

"I missed you last week," said the Rector, accusingly. I didn't tell him I had seen him coming and dived into Ann's room until the bell rang.

"I don't think I have seen you since the day I met you at Mrs. Thomas'," he continued. "Nice of you to go and see her, poor woman. Tragic business, that—tragic! The poor mother was most distressed, naturally. I expect she knows more of what was behind it than she has said. Did she say anything to you?" he asked with sudden eagerness.

I felt a spasm of distaste. So even the man of God was not immune from the poison of gossip.

"She told me nothing," I said shortly. He looked disappointed, and I fancied I read disbelief in his pale blue eyes.

"Ah, well," he said. "I suppose she wouldn't talk to you if he wouldn't to me. That poor, foolish girl! Truly the

Continuing

wages of sin, Miss Vicary—the wages of sin!"

I made no comment, and he must have sensed my attitude, for he changed the subject.

"Mrs. Meredith would be pleased if you and Miss Graham would come down to the Rectory one evening soon. It is a long time since you paid us a visit. Just let us know what night would suit you. I have various calls on my time, as you know, but my wife is nearly always at home."

I promised to consult Ann about a suitable date, although I knew what her reaction would be. Poor Mrs. Meredith was always asking us to go down, but we made excuses whenever possible. Evenings at the Rectory were usually painfully dull.

Mrs. Meredith was a kindly but ineffectual woman with whom we had little in common. Constant ill-health and the effort of keeping pace with her tireless husband had worn her out and made her seem middle-aged, although she could not have been forty. Her one delight was her son, Alwyn, who had been born long after they had given up hope of having a child.

When she spoke to the boy, one sometimes caught a fleeting glimpse of the pretty vicar's daughter who had married William Meredith when he was a curate in his first parish. Usually, however, she was dull and listless and seemed to merit the testy impatience with which her husband habitually treated her. I knew Ann and I would have to visit her fairly soon, but the bell for "fall-in" saved me from definitely committing us.

Sylvia had not come to school that morning, so Mr. Marsh and I had to divide her work between us. This meant hastily reorganising our own classes, and, as the children inevitably responded to the break in their routine by being as devilish as possible, I was thoroughly on edge by the end of the day.

Murder Among Those Present

(from page 44)

Mrs. Thomas had still not resumed her duties, so once again Ann and I had, perforce, to fall to with bucket and broom after our classes had been dismissed. When, at last, we had finished, we sat for a few minutes by the embers of the fire in Ann's classroom.

"Do you think one of us should go and see how Sylvia is?" asked Ann doubtfully.

"I think she would rather be left alone," I responded thoughtfully. "She seems to resent any show of interest in her or her affairs."

"Well, I'll be glad when she gets back to normal," said Ann. "She's upsetting the whole school."

"I'll be glad when the whole town gets back to normal," I

said savagely. "Honestly, Ann, I'm heartily sick of this whole business. Every second person you meet is nervous and upset. I wonder what the police are doing. No one seems really to know, in spite of all the tales we hear."

"Oh, well," said Ann comfortingly, "the inquest is to be held to-morrow. Perhaps that will settle things one way or another."

"I certainly hope so. It is nearly three weeks since Joy died. They must have found out something in that time, surely."

The inquest, however, did not give us the satisfaction we had hoped. Apart from evidence of identification and Tony's medical evidence, there was little to interest the sensation seekers who jostled their way into the small court-room,

and the coroner, for lack of facts on which to base his judgment, was forced to return an open verdict. As Tony said, it was the only possible verdict in the circumstances, but it left us feeling cheated.

The police, presumably, were free to continue with any investigations they wished to make, but, unless fresh evidence came to light, it seemed that Joy's death was to remain a mystery.

Still, things did settle down to a certain extent. Sylvia came back to work and we were interested to note that she was at last wearing an engagement ring, but her response to our good wishes was hardly that of a happily engaged girl. Mrs. Thomas once more relieved us of our charring duties and Ernie was once again seated at his desk, but we had an uneasy feeling that all was not well in our little world.

It was only a few days later that one of the things I had always dreaded occurred. Friday afternoon was usually a pleasant time at school. It was given up to sewing and hand-work; discipline was slightly relaxed; and there was a faintly holiday atmosphere in anticipation of the coming week-end.

Sylvia and I shared the sewing classes; she taking the senior girls and I the junior; while Mr. Marsh coped with the majority of the boys. A few of the younger and less adept boys worked at one end of my room, and on that particular afternoon the children were all working happily at their respective tasks.

It was nearly time for the final bell and I was inspecting the girls' sewing before telling them to pack up, when, from the other end of the room, there suddenly came a disgusting, crowing noise and Ernie Thomas crashed heavily to the floor. After a second, in which I was paralysed with shock, I managed to spring to the other end of the room, the pull the

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Beauty in brief:

Neck contours

By CAROLYN EARLE

- The ideal time for an under-chin workout is at night when you have finished your pre-bedtime ablutions.

NEXT to wrinkles and a spreading hipline for a woman there is probably no more depressing sign of departing youth than a sagging chin.

Briskly slapping the under-chin with the backs of your hands to stimulate circulation and to firm drooping muscles is an old but constantly effective trick.

Hold the wrists loosely for this treatment, and remember that it is not desirable to smack heavily. A light touch, plus the constant repetition, is what counts.

Another daily drill that will get results if practised in time is to rest your chin on your clasped hands. Now try to force the chin up high, all the time resisting the push of the knuckles with neck and chin muscles.

A few words on holding the head upright are in order here. In short, watch your posture in order to keep your neck pure in line.

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SPARKLING TEETH IN HEALTHY GUMS



violently convulsed little body into the open space in front of the desks, and force a pencil between the clamping, frothing jaws.

A terrified small boy was sent post-haste for Mr. Marsh, and I had never been more relieved to see that calm, practical person come striding into my room. He had had experience of Ernie's fits before and I was thankful to leave matters in his hands and attend to dismissing the shocked and frightened children.

When I returned from dismissing the headmaster's class, I was glad to see that the convulsion had passed and Ernie, limp and spent, was once again a little boy instead of a heaving gargyle.

"I'll take him home, Miss Vicary. Just stay with him for a moment while I get a rug from the house."

I lifted the exhausted child into my lap and sat holding him tightly. Suddenly he turned and buried his face in my neck. His thin, little arms clutched me tightly and he broke into a paroxysm of weeping. "Joy, Joy, Joy," he wailed between his sobs. I felt my face set stiffly and, as Mr. Marsh re-entered the room and his eyes met mine over the head of the weeping child, I read, in his stern expression, the echo of my own thoughts. Whoever was responsible for the death of Joy Thomas had another crime to answer for.

After Ernie had been taken home, I sat at my table unable to move. It was the first time I had actually witnessed an epileptic fit and the experience had shaken me. I was seized with a violent shuddering fit, and when Ann came into the room, it took all my self-control to keep myself from clinging to her as, a few moments before, Ernie had clung to me.

"Here," she said briskly, lighting a cigarette and forcing it between my fingers. "What does it matter if one of the nips does happen to see you? I'm sure Mr. Marsh would understand. You've got to pull yourself together, Noel."

Continuing

Try to think about something else. Where will I meet you and Tony to-night?"

"To-night?" I echoed stupidly.

"Yes. Don't tell me you've forgotten Madge's party!"

I had completely forgotten. One of Ann's cousins was celebrating her coming of age, and Tony and I had been invited. I had been looking forward to it all the week, but now I felt too sick at heart to think of gaiety.

"Ann, I don't believe I could possibly go."

I saw her face fall and remembered that she had been depending on us for transport. "It doesn't matter as far as I am concerned," she said slowly. "I can easily telephone and let them know, but I think, for your own sake, you should make an effort to go. It will probably be better for you than brooding at home."

"Perhaps you are right. Tony and I will call for you about eight. It will only be a half-hour run at most."

We were ready to leave for home, when Sylvia came in. "Had a bit of excitement I hear, Noel?" she said curiously.

"Yes," I answered. "Just a brief appendix to the story of Joy Thomas. Someone in this town has a lot to answer for."

Her sallow face flushed and she took a quick step forward. "It you're referring to Ron," she began angrily.

"I'm not referring to anyone in particular," I interrupted. "You're so touchy these days, Sylvia, a person can hardly speak to you. I don't know what you're afraid of, but if either you or Ron know anything about Joy's death, I'd advise you to go to the police—before someone else does it for you."

"When I want your advice, Noel Vicary, I'll ask for it!" She went out, slamming the door behind her.

This brief exchange did not improve my mood, but tea and a hot bath did help to

Murder Among Those Present

from page 46

restore my composure, and, by the time Tony, Ann, and I were on our way to the Farrel homestead, I had myself under control. It was impossible, however, to summon up any real gaiety.

Normally, I would have thoroughly enjoyed the evening. The lovely old home lent itself to entertaining and our hostess was an adept at arranging such functions. The guests were bright, noisy, and

wards the end of the evening, I abandoned the effort, made my way to a secluded corner, and sat quietly watching the dancers.

I was not to be left in peace, however, for, to my dismay, my retreat was invaded by none other than Millicent Palmer. As she and her partner swung close to my corner, she stopped dancing, seated herself at my side, without, I fancy, noticing me for the moment, and said, with her exaggerated drawl, "Ken, dar-

Farrel is such an excellent hostess."

"Oh, yes!" I agreed hastily. "The fault is mine. I expect I'm just tired. I have had rather a trying day."

"Really? I shouldn't have imagined school-teaching to be such an exhausting occupation."

Her condescending patronage infuriated me. "Normally it isn't," I answered, "but one of my pupils chose to take an epileptic fit this afternoon."

"Indeed? How revolting!" Her tone implied that it was just what she would expect from a pupil of mine, and she drew away from me a little as if afraid of contamination.

I felt anger start to rise within me. "Yes," I pursued. "It happened to be the young brother of a friend of yours—Joy Thomas, the girl who was drowned recently."

"A friend of mine?" she asked coldly. "Really, Miss Vicary, I hardly knew the unfortunate girl by sight."

The drinks I had taken had made me reckless. "You knew her well enough to visit her at Mrs. Walters'." I challenged.

It was a shot in the dark, but I knew, by the stiffening of her body and the quick catch of her breath, that it had found its mark. "You must be making a mistake," she said stiffly.

"Oh, I don't think so," I replied easily. "Mrs. Walters' little girl saw you."

"She can't have," Millicent said quickly. "She was asleep—Too late she realised her mistake. She stood up, her tall figure taut, and for an instant I flinched from the blaze of hatred in her eyes."

"Excuse me," she said coldly, and left me abruptly. Suddenly I found myself trembling violently.

To be continued



happy; and the music of the special orchestra hired for the occasion was all that any dancer could desire.

Try as I might, however, I could not respond to the lights and laughter and music; although I talked, laughed, and danced with the rest, and, in an effort to cure my despondency, drank a good deal more than I normally did.

The effect of the drinks was only to make everything seem slightly unreal without enlivening my spirits and, to-

ling, I'm just exhausted. Go and find me a nice, long drink, will you? Something with gin in it. I'll just wait here."

As her partner obediently threaded his way through the dancers, she turned to me and, for the first time, realised who was beside her. "Ah! Good evening, Miss Vicary. Are you enjoying yourself?"

"Not very much," I replied truthfully.

"Not?" Her pale eyebrows rose a fraction. "I think it is a delightful party. Dear Mrs.



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The Family Chocolate Cake

2 eggs, $\frac{3}{4}$ cupful (4½ ozs.) sugar, 2½ ozs. butter, 2 tablespoonfuls milk, 1 tablespoonful ($\frac{1}{2}$ oz.) Bournville Cocoa, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful cinnamon, 1 cupful (4 ozs.) self-raising flour, vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs (unbeaten), then milk, spice, cocoa, essence, etc. Lastly, lightly fold in the sifted flour. Put into two small sandwich tins lined with greased paper and bake in a moderate oven for about half an hour (425° for electric oven). Add nuts or raisins if liked. When cold, join with cream, or your favourite filling and ice with chocolate icing.



The Party Chocolate Cake

8 ozs. S.R. flour, $\frac{1}{3}$ cup of milk, 4 ozs. butter or marg., 1 heaped dessertspoon Bournville Cocoa, 5 ozs. sugar, 1 large egg, vanilla, red colouring, pinch of salt.

Line a deep 6 or 7 inch cake tin with neatly cut greased paper. Sift the flour with salt. Add sugar. Rub in butter or margarine until like breadcrumbs. Beat egg and, making a well in the centre of flour, etc., pour in. Add milk and mix well; if too stiff, a little more milk may be added. When well mixed, divide into three parts. Leave one part plain, colour one with the red colouring, and add cocoa and vanilla to the third. Put alternate spoonfuls of the white, pink and chocolate mixture into the prepared tin, but don't mix around. Bake in a moderate oven (360°F) about 1½-1 hr. Makes 8-10 portions.



The Economy Chocolate Cake

2 cupfuls (14 ozs.) castor sugar, 3 cupfuls (12 ozs.) self-raising flour, 6 tablespoonfuls (2 ozs.) Bournville Cocoa, $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful boiling water, 4 oz. butter, 1 cupful (8 fluid ozs.) milk, 2 eggs.

Combine sugar and sifted flour in mixing basin. Blend cocoa with hot water in saucepan. Add butter and melt. Cool and stir in milk and then beaten eggs. Stir liquid ingredients into flour and sugar, mixing thoroughly until smooth. Pour into two greased 8 in. sandwich tins. Bake in moderate oven for 25-30 minutes. Decorate with chopped walnuts, whole nuts, coconut, or cherries.



No cooking is needed to make these delicious

Chocolate Crackles

5 ozs. Kellogg's Rice Bubbles (4 cups), 2½ ozs. fine coconut (1 cup), 8 ozs. icing sugar, 2½ ozs. Bournville Cocoa, 8 ozs. Copha.

Stir dry ingredients together, melt copha and pour over them. Mix thoroughly, spoon into paper cup containers and allow to set. The above quantity of ingredients makes from 2½ to 3 dozen Chocolate Crackles.



Luscious Fillings and Frostings

CHOCOLATE ICING

1 cupful (6 ozs.) icing sugar, 3 teaspoonfuls ($\frac{1}{2}$ oz.) Bournville Cocoa, 1 teaspoonful cinnamon, vanilla, piece of butter the size of a walnut. Place all in a dish, mix to a creamy consistency with hot milk.

CHOCOLATE FILLING

6 tablespoonfuls cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. sugar, 1 tablespoon Bournville Cocoa.

Mix the sugar & cocoa together. Whip up the cream fairly stiffly, and fold in the cocoa & sugar.



...and delicious health-building cocoa

A quick and easy method using boiling milk or milk and water. Mix half to one teaspoonful of Bournville Cocoa with sugar to taste, add a little cold milk, and mix to smooth paste. Pour on boiling milk (or milk and water). Stir briskly while pouring—it's rich and delicious.

Using boiling water. Mix half to one teaspoonful of Bournville Cocoa with sugar to taste. Pour on boiling water, stirring briskly. Add milk to taste.



... you can work wonders with

CADBURY'S BOURNVILLE COCOA

eyes lifted piously. "Is there no end to the vanity and self-deception of novelists? You, like the poor dupes who drug themselves with your outpourings, live in a dream world of contrived situations. The fact that you have persuaded several million morons to look at life through your myopic eyes, basing their standards of make-believe on yours, does not mean that you understand human nature."

"During a day in court I see more of human nature as it is than you do in years. You're frightened of reality, my dear chap, frightened lest it show up your unrealities for what they are."

"I think, Tim," said the novelist haughtily, "that you have said enough. No doubt you are well-intentioned, but I do not care to listen to lectures before lunch."

The two old friends parted coolly.

Some two weeks after this exchange, Mrs. Higgins opened the basement door one evening to admit her brother, whom she had not seen for several months.

Josh Mander and his sister lived on opposite sides of the political fence; he far to the Left of it and she well to the Right. Their rare meetings usually ended acrimoniously.

"I never did think you and Bert Higgins had much pride," said Josh, when he was seated at the kitchen table with a bottle of beer, "but now I'm sure of it."

"I'm too hot and tired to argue, Josh," said Mrs. Higgins. "Why can't you enjoy your beer like any other man and stop provoking trouble?"

"I may be, as you often tell me, an ignorant man," retorted Josh, "but I'll be shot if I'd go on licking the boots of a man who'd called me a thief and a blackmailer."

"Who's called you a thief and a blackmailer?"

"Your boss, Mr. John perishin' Davenant, has called Bert Higgins a thief and a blackmailer. It's there in his book for all the world to read."

Higgins himself entered the kitchen just in time to hear this. Taking down the latest

Continuing . . . The Meanest Trick Ever Played

from page 5

book from a shelf, he laid it on the table belligerently. "There's the book. Show me," he said.

"Read the book for yourself, Bert, and you'll learn that I'm tellin' the truth. If I was you, I'd have a nice quiet little chat with a lawyer."

"If you were me," replied his brother-in-law, "which, God be praised, you are not, I'd be a lazy, good-for-nothing loafer like you are."

Nevertheless, when Josh Mander had gone, Higgins began to read his employer's book. The first streak of dawn was visible in the eastern sky when he turned the last page and put it back on its shelf.

In the privacy of the kitchen, certain that nobody could see him, Bert Higgins began to weep. Great sobs welled up in him, the kind that hurt, and which he had not known since childhood. Dazedly he went out into the chill dawn air. He wanted to think.

At nine o'clock, in response to the bell, Higgins carried the breakfast tray into the novelist's room, prepared the bath and in the usual silence indicated that it was ready.

At ten o'clock he reported details of telephone messages received. At eleven, his face grey and drawn with fatigue and grief, he knocked on the study door.

"What is it, Higgins?" asked Davenant irritably.

"I wish to speak to you about an important matter, sir."

"Then go ahead, man."

"Mrs. Higgins and myself wish to leave your service, sir. I trust that you will be able to replace us one month from today. If I may suggest it, sir, it would be as well if our successors spent a few days here before we leave. We should then be able to instruct them as to your ways and wishes. I hope this arrangement will be convenient, sir."

"What's behind this, Higgins? Is it my last book?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then at last you have paid me the compliment of reading

me. What did you think of it, Higgins?"

"I think I had better not say, sir!"

"Go on, man. Say it, whatever it is. Man to man, what did you think of it?"

"It is more than twenty-five years since I read a book of yours, sir. This last one tells me that in those twenty-five years you have learned nothing about the way the mind of the common man works. Indeed, sir, although I fear I am forgetting my place, I find it hard to believe that a man with your advantages has learned so little."

"The Bert Higgins of the book, Higgins, is not a portrait of you. I would like you to believe that."

"It never once crossed my mind that it could be, sir."

HIGGINS drew himself up proudly. "Little as you know about men of my walk of life, sir, even you could not suppose that I am a thief or that I would stoop to—black-mail. But I will not disguise from you, sir, that my reason for quitting your service is the association of my name with the despicable character you have portrayed. My position here has been made impossible."

"Sit down, Higgins," said Davenant, "I want to talk to you."

"I prefer to stand, thank you, sir. I know my place."

"As you will," said the other with a shrug. "I have something to tell you, Higgins—something that must never be repeated outside these four walls."

"I always have respected your confidences, sir."

"All right, Higgins. I suppose you're entitled to heap coals of fire on my head. We are old friends and, as the Americans say, I am going to 'come clean' with you."

"We are not old friends, sir. We are two men from different walks of life who could never have been friends. We have met for thirty or more years

upon a basis of mutual respect. Now that that respect is no longer mutual, we must—regretfully on my part—go our ways. But not friends, sir, not that."

"Have it your own way, Higgins," said Davenant wearily, "and please let me continue without interruption. I am an old man, Higgins—very nearly seventy, as you know. You and Mrs. Higgins have served me faithfully for thirty-three years, is it not? I am, in the generally accepted sense of the word, a rich man, but, in fact, I have no capital. At the peak of my earning power I bought annuities. These did with me."

"For some time now I have been greatly concerned about what may happen to you and Mrs. Higgins when I am gone. If I had any capital, I would leave it to you, so that you could both live in comfort for the rest of your days. You are probably wondering where all this is leading to, Higgins, but have a little more patience."

"I wrote my last book for the purpose of providing for your old age. I created the other Bert Higgins expressly for that. I portrayed him as a cowardly, drunken thief, an ingrate, a blackmailer and all the things that you are not, for one reason and one only. This was not done idly, to have amusement at your expense or to humiliate you, Higgins."

"I fear that I cannot follow your thoughts, sir," said Higgins.

"I am going over to New York shortly, Higgins. In the late autumn I am going down to Nassau in the Bahamas. I shall be away for at least six months, perhaps more. While I am away I do not want you to live here. Take a cottage by the sea, go to the country, go anywhere you like—at my expense, of course."

"Tomorrow morning, however, I want you to go to a lawyer. I'll find the name of a good one for you. Take with

you a copy of my last book and tell him you want a writ for libel issued against me. In Mr. Harkin's opinion you will be awarded enormous damages. The thing can probably be settled out of court. It won't come out of my pocket, Higgins, so don't let that worry you."

"Your old-age pension will be provided by the Inland Revenue, who, if you don't act on my suggestion, will take practically the lot anyway. Now, Higgins, perhaps you understand the situation a little better."

A strained silence fell across the room.

"Well, Higgins? Have you nothing to say?"

"It is extremely kind of you, sir," said the latter, picking his words with great care, "to have gone to such trouble to provide for Mrs. Higgins and myself. I confess I could not understand why, after all these years, you seemed desirous of humiliating me. Now, of course, I understand."

"And you will act on my suggestion?"

"No, sir. That I cannot do."

"But why, man; why?"

"For one thing, sir, it is not necessary," said Higgins. "You have always been a generous employer. Mrs. Higgins and I have, on our part, been thrifty. Our savings, added to the old-age pension to which we shall be entitled in a few years, will give us all we require. We are working-class people, sir, and our wants are very simple. But you would not understand that, sir. Indeed, why should you?"

"Still harping on the old theme, Higgins? I happen to disagree with you. Millions of working-class people have read my books and seen themselves mirrored."

"No, sir!" said Higgins with emphasis. "They never see themselves in your books, begging your pardon. They see what they would like to be and never are. They see a dream world you have created for them. That's why they read

your books and go to the pictures—to escape from reality."

"Well, let us not quarrel about it, Higgins. Let us agree to disagree. What are your other reasons for not adopting my suggestion?"

"I am an honest man, sir!" said Higgins, drawing himself up to his full height.

"I'm afraid that lots of so-called honest men diddle the tax collector these days, Higgins."

"But not Albert Higgins, sir. Not the real Albert Higgins, anyway. That other Higgins you created for your book would have jumped at the idea. He'd have stolen pennies out of a blind man's cup and laughed while he was doing it."

"But the difference between him and me, sir, is that he hadn't given thirty-three years of his life to serving one master, because no one master could have endured him for three years, let alone thirty-three. He loved money. He'd have done anything for money. But not me, sir, if you will forgive me."

"Is that your last word, Higgins?"

"Not quite, sir, if you will excuse the liberty. Don't you understand, sir, that if I was to go to court and sue a master I'd lose the last shreds of my self-respect? It would be a confession of failure, sir, and I haven't failed."

"I like money as well as the next man, sir, but this is Albert Higgins—Albert Higgins in the flesh—talking to you, sir, not that other one, the one you created from muck and trash to strut across the pages of a book. It's as I always said, sir—you don't know anything about the workings of a common man's mind."

"You've proved that, sir, or you couldn't have thought I'd go through the mud of a court of law and drag myself down to the level of that other Higgins."

"Better stick to writing about the upper classes, sir. You understand them—because you're one of them."

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Busy Day Banquet

7-minute Mulligatawny,
Fish Fillets
in Celery Sauce,
Peas . . . Stuffed Potatoes,
Banana Fritters



7 Minute Mulligatawny: Fry $\frac{1}{2}$ cup each chopped onion and tart apple in $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Copha till golden-brown. Stir in 2 level teaspoons curry powder and 1 tablespoon chutney. Add 4 cups water, bring to boil and add 1 packet Continental Chicken Noodle Soup. Cook 7 minutes.

Curry fans—and others—will cheer you to the echoes for this hot-and-hearty soup. Imagine being able to make a mulligatawny in 7 minutes! Got plenty of Continental on the shelf?

Spare-the-Pennies Party

Quick Minestrone,
Stuffed Frankfurts,
Sweet-and-sour Red Cabbage,
Potato Pancakes,
Mellah Caramel Ice-Cream.



Quick Minestrone: Add 1 package Continental Chicken Noodle Soup to 4 cups boiling water. Add 1 small onion (minced), 1 tomato (chopped), 1 cup finely-shredded raw cabbage and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely grated carrot. Cook 7 minutes and serve with finely-grated cheese.

Wonderful Italian Minestrone—perfect prelude to a memorable meal! Who would believe it actually saves you money, made the extra-easy Continental way? Serve it often . . . serve it soon!

Shivery Night Special

Tomato Chicken Consomme,
Individual
Steak & Kidney Pies,
Cauliflower,
Buttered Spinach,
Baked Apples stuffed
with Mince-meat.



Tomato Chicken Consomme: Add 1 packet Continental Chicken Noodle Soup to 2 cups boiling water. Cook 7 minutes, then add 2 cups tomato juice. Serve sprinkled with chopped parsley or chives.

Two favourite flavours in one delicious soup: tempting *real* chicken—and tomato! Marvellous "central heating" for the coldest winter night—and fresh-cooked in your own kitchen almost before you can say "Dinner's ready!"

Gala for Guests

Cream of Chicken Soup,
Beef Patties
with Grilled Bananas,
Beans,
Cheesy Potato Crisps,
Hot Gingerbread with
Cream or Ice Cream.



Cream of Chicken Soup: Add 1 packet Continental Chicken Noodle Soup to 2 cups boiling water. Cook 7 minutes, then stir in 2 cups milk. Reheat without boiling and serve with toast sippets or crisp crumbled bacon.

So elegant . . . so easy on the cook. And how that chicken flavour gets them in! Don't be surprised if this soup becomes a command performance in your family circle at least once a week. Wonderful for late home-comers and the lunchbox brigade.

WB32.WWFC

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 12, 1953

Pork



ROAST PORK with crisp, golden-brown crackling is a welcome sight on any dinner table. Serve with baked potatoes, chutney-apples, and gravy.

The Chinese used to roast pork by burning down their houses, according to a well-loved story. But all you need do to cook a joint of pork to perfection is to follow the directions given on this page.

THE choicest cuts of pork for roasting are rib, loin, and shoulder. If the joint has been stored in a refrigerator allow it to thaw for about 1 hour before cooking.

Wipe the meat with a clean, damp cloth and place it in an uncovered baking-dish, fat side up.

Have about ½ in. of melted fat in bottom of dish. Do not add water, because this creates steam, which should be avoided in dry-heat roasting.

Crisp tender, moist crackling—considered to be the most delicious part of pork—is achieved by brushing the joint lightly with oil or melted fat at intervals during the cooking process. Pork should not be basted.

Flesh of cooked pork should be white or greyish in color—never pink.

Allow 30 to 40 minutes' cooking time for each pound of meat.

When choosing pork, look for fine-grained, firm flesh. Very young pork has almost white flesh; meat from older animals is pinkish in color.

Spoon measurements in all our recipes refer to level spoons.

CHUTNEY-APPLES

(A delicious accompaniment for roast pork.)

Six small, red apples, lemon juice, 2 tablespoons sweet fruit chutney, 1 teaspoon mustard.

Wash and dry apples, remove cores. Cut a

thick slice from top of each, drench with lemon juice. Blend mustard into the chutney, fill into core cavities in apples. Stand apples in sandwich-tin or slab-tin, add water to cover base of tin. Bake in oven with roast pork until apples are tender but not broken.

APPLE SAUCE FOR ROAST PORK

Two tart green apples, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, nut of butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon water.

Peel apples, slice thinly. Place in small pan with other ingredients. Cover and simmer over low heat, shaking or stirring occasionally, until reduced to pulp. Beat smooth with a wooden spoon. Serve hot with roast pork.

PORK CHOPS WITH PINEAPPLE

Three or 4 leg or loin pork chops cut ½ in. thick, flour, pepper, salt, 1 tablespoon bacon fat, 3 or 4 pineapple slices, ½ cup pineapple syrup, ½ cup meat or vegetable stock or water.

Wipe chops with a clean, damp cloth. Slit crackling in 2 or 3 places with a sharp knife or kitchen scissors. Coat with flour, pepper, and salt. Brown lightly on both sides in hot bacon fat. Remove, place in casserole. Brown the pineapple slices on both sides in the hot bacon fat, adding a little more fat if necessary. Place on top of chops in casserole. Pour on pineapple syrup mixed with stock or water. Cover and bake 50 to 60 minutes in moderate

oven, basting occasionally. Remove chops to serving platter, thicken gravy slightly with blended flour and serve with the chops.

STUFFED PORK CHOPS

(Much the same flavor as a roast joint of pork, but less expensive.)

Six shoulder pork chops, 2 cups breadcrumbs, ½ cup chopped onion, ¼ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, pinch herbs, little grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, milk.

Wipe and trim chops. Combine stuffing ingredients, binding with a little milk. Spread over three of the chops, cover with second chop, making three little joints. Tie securely with fine string. Place in baking-dish with small quantity of melted fat. Bake in moderate oven, 1 to 1½ hours, turning to brown. Add vegetables prepared for baking after meat has been cooking about half-hour. Remove string from meat before serving. Serve with thick brown gravy and apple sauce.

PORK CHOPS ORIENTAL

Five thick pork chops, leg or loin, small quantity flour seasoned with salt and pepper to taste, ½ cup thinly sliced onion, 2 tablespoons white vinegar, ½ cup tomato juice, ½ cup meat or vegetable stock or water, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, pinch nutmeg, 3 cups coarsely chopped cabbage.

Slit crackling of chops in 2 or 3 places, wipe with a clean, damp cloth. Coat with seasoned flour. Place in greased, heavy frying-pan and place over medium heat until some of the fat cooks from the chops. Allow to brown well on both sides. Drain off any surplus fat, sprinkle chops with salt and pepper. Cover with sliced onion, pour in vinegar mixed with tomato juice and stock or water. Cover closely (a saucepan-lid serves the purpose, or the chops may be transferred to a saucepan after browning). Cook gently

until meat is tender (45 to 50 minutes). Sprinkle cabbage over meat, season with sugar, lemon juice, and nutmeg. Cover again, cook a further 12 to 15 minutes. Serve hot.

ROAST SUCKING PIG

One sucking pig (about 10lb.), 6 cups breadcrumbs, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons melted bacon fat, 1½ teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon herbs (sage, parsley, mint, and thyme), 4 tablespoons chopped onion, 1 chopped apple, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, ½ cup diced celery.

Rinse inside of cleaned pig thoroughly; dry. Combine breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, herbs, chopped apple and onion, lemon rind, and celery. Add melted bacon fat and beaten eggs; fill into sucking pig. Sew or skewer firmly. Make four parallel gashes about 3 in. long through skin on each side of backbone. Skewer legs in position, pulling forelegs forward and hind legs backward. Brush surface of pig with oil or melted fat, dust very lightly with flour. Place in large baking-pan, barely covering the bottom of the dish with melted fat. Place in moderate oven, and allow 30 to 35 minutes' cooking time for each pound of meat. A 10lb. pig will take approximately 5 hours to bake.

To keep the skin moist yet crusty, brush every half-hour or so with melted fat, and very lightly dust with flour. Some like to cover the ears with greased paper secured with paper clips, keeping them covered until half-hour before pig comes from oven. This prevents ears shrivelling up. Serve on a large platter garnished with baked tomatoes, sections of red-skinned apple (drenched with lemon juice), parsley, or cress. Tradition demands that the mouth be filled with a small red apple and the eye-sockets with raisins. Serve with thick brown gravy and apple sauce.

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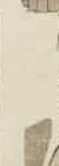


Pattern for beginners

F2693.—Easy-to-make beginners' pattern for a lace blouse. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 1 1/2 yds. 36in. material. Special price, 2/-.



F2689



Fashion PATTERNS

F2689.—Dress and jacket ensemble. A box jacket topping a slim dress silhouette gives this ensemble the new spring look. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires for dress 3 1/2 yds. 36in. material, for jacket and dress trim 2 1/2 yds. 36in. contrasting material. Price, 4/6.

F2694.—Slim-line one-piece with chic white bodice accent. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3 1/2 yds. 36in. material and 1/2 yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.

F2690.—A spring and summer favorite, a bell skirt and moulded bodice top. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4 1/2 yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F2691.—A pretty design for a one-piece dress, styled with tucked skirt detail. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5 yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F2692.—Strapless sundress and minute matching bolero jacket. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4 1/2 yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

FASHION PATTERNS and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 445 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 466, G.P.O., Sydney). For maximum readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart, New Zealand; readers to Box 66, G.P.O., Auckland.



F2693



F2694

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 501.—HEART-MOTIF DUCHESSE SET

The three-piece set is obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider on fine Irish linen in white, cream, pastel blue, lemon, green, and pink. The entire set measures 17in. x 17in.; the smaller mats 8in. x 8in. The set is also obtainable in fine British cotton in pastel pink, blue, lemon, and green. Price: linen, 7/11; cotton, 5/2. Postage and registration, 1/- extra.

No. 502.—FOUR D'OLEYS

The d'oyles are clearly traced ready to embroider on fine Irish linen. The color choice includes white, cream, pastel blue, lemon, green, and pink. Circular d'oyles measure 8in. in diameter and the oblong d'oyles 11in. x 8in. Price, 1/3 each; postage 3d. extra.

No. 500.—SUNDRESS

The dress, styled with the new camisole-bodice top and a gathered skirt, is obtainable cut out ready to make in striped summer breezy cotton. The color choice includes sage-blue, red, apple-green, yellow, and pastel pink stripes, all printed on a white ground. Sizes: 32in. and 34in. bust, 38 1/2, 36in. and 38in. bust, 39 1/2. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

No. 503.—HOUSE DRESS

An easy-to-make wrap-over design is obtainable cut out ready to make. The material is summer breezy cotton printed in a pretty sunflower design. The color choice includes yellow and black on white, blue and black on white, green and black on white, and grey and black on white. Sizes: 32in. and 34in. bust, 37 1/2, 36in. and 38in. bust, 39 1/2. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post.



501



502

Egg dish wins £5

A simple luncheon dish—curry-flavored egg cutlets—tops the list of prizewinners in this week's recipe contest.

THE savory egg mixture may be rolled into balls if preferred, but the cutlet shapes look unusual and attractive.

For party savories the mixture may be shaped into very small balls and served speared with cocktail sticks.

Savory tongues, a fish medley using tinned herrings, and a delicious chilled sweet win consolation prizes.

All spoon measurements are level.

SAVORY EGG CUTLETS

Three hard-boiled eggs, 4 tablespoons finely chopped cooked spaghetti or macaroni, 4 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs, 4 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 teaspoon grated onion, salt and pepper to taste, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk, flour, brown breadcrumbs.

Chop hard-boiled eggs, add spaghetti or macaroni, soft breadcrumbs, cheese, curry powder, onion, salt and pepper, mix well. Bind with

half beaten egg and milk. Shape into small cutlets with lightly floured hands. Coat each cutlet with balance of beaten egg and milk, drain, toss in brown breadcrumbs. Deep fry in tumbling fat until heated through and golden brown. Drain on kitchen paper. Place a piece of macaroni or spaghetti in each to represent bone, serve hot.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. E. E. Kirby, 67 Prince St., Mosman, N.S.W.

SAVORY TONGUES WITH ALMOND SAUCE

Four or six cooked lamb's tongues, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 onion, 3 tomatoes, 2 tablespoons chopped olives, 12 blanched almonds, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, 1 cup stock or water, 1 cup soft white breadcrumbs, salt, pepper.

Peel and slice tongues while hot. Cover, keep hot. Brown finely chopped onion in shortening, add chopped almonds, cook 2 to 3 minutes. Add skinned and chopped tomatoes, olives, mustard, and stock or water. Simmer 10 minutes. Stir in breadcrumbs, season to taste, and pour over tongues. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. V. E. Giles, 4 Sidwell Ave., East St. Kilda, Vic.

PINEAPPLE CHERRY DESSERT

One jam Swiss roll, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 1 cup cold water, 1 cup orange juice, 1



SAVORY EGG CUTLETS with bacon rolls are tempting and delicious. Served with peas and cheese-topped tomatoes, they make an appetising luncheon dish. See recipe.

cup sugar, 1/3rd cup chopped cooked pineapple, 1/3rd cup glace cherries, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla, 1 egg-white, 1 cup whipped cream, almonds, extra cherries.

Line sides of 8in. flan-tin or sandwich-tin with thick slices of Swiss roll. Soften gelatine in cold water, add to hot orange juice with sugar, stir until dissolved, chill. When beginning to thicken add pineapple, chopped cherries, and vanilla. Beat until creamy, fold in stiffly beaten egg-white and whipped cream. Fill into tin, chill. When firm, remove from tin and serve decorated with almonds and extra cherries.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Plowman, 12 Belgrave St., Hawthorn, Vic.

FISH MEDLEY

One tin herrings in tomato sauce (or other tinned fish),

1 cup cooked rice, 1 small onion, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, salt, pepper, pinch nutmeg, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.

Topping: One and a half cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 small finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon melted shortening, 1/2 teaspoon mixed herbs, 1/2 cup milk, salt, pepper.

Mix herrings with rice, finely chopped onion, sugar, vinegar, salt and pepper to taste, nutmeg, and Worcestershire sauce. Pack into greased casserole. Combine topping ingredients, spread over fish mixture. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes until golden brown. Serve topped with chopped parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. O'Connor, Landsborough, North Coast Line, Qld.

UP TO "PA"!



Bill McWilliam is really up to "pa"! Only 2 years old, yet every week he's out playing golf with his father, well-known pro, Billy McWilliam, at Beverley Park Golf Club, N.S.W.

"Young Bill's got a beautiful drive", says Mr. McWilliam. "But an afternoon on the course uses up a lot of energy. We find Vegemite helps keep him strong and active."

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Keeping in mind the high price of food the compilers have chosen recipes designed to help the home cook make inexpensive meals look attractive.

Pictures show how to serve and garnish basically simple dishes that will add charm and grace to your dinner table.

Steak and kidney fold-ups, for instance, are a new version of the old favorite steak and kidney pie. The meat is simmered in gravy, then en-

closed in pastry squares and the gravy served separately.

Meringues, often a failure for the inexperienced cook, can be used to add glamor to the most homely sweet. Our cook book gives you the inside secrets of making the kind that melt in the mouth. A series of pictures explains meringue-making step by step.

The book includes easily prepared menus for all occasions, whether you are planning a formal dinner, a party, or just a meal for the family.

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Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are kidnapped and taken by space ship to the planet Venus as specimens of earth life. They find Venus inhabited by a race of plant men who have made scientific dis-

coveries undreamed of on earth. Meanwhile, on earth, **PRINCESS NARDA:** Tells her story of the strange disappearance of Mandrake and Lothar. No one believes the fantastic story, and Narda is tried for their murder. NOW READ ON:



MEANWHILE, ON EARTH, WHERE POOR NARDA IS ON TRIAL FOR THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF MANDRAKE AND LOTHAR—

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, HAVE YOU REACHED A VERDICT?

WE HAVE, YOUR HONOR.

THE PRISONER WILL FACE THE JURY AND HEAR THE VERDICT.

THEY CAN'T FIND ME GUILTY! THEY CAN'T! THEY CAN'T!

ON EARTH, WHERE NARDA IS CHARGED WITH THE MURDER OF MANDRAKE AND LOTHAR, WHO'VE DISAPPEARED MYSTERIOUSLY....

THE JURY HAS DECIDED THAT THE PRISONER IS GUILTY!

OH—NO—NO—

HOW ABOUT A STATEMENT, NARDA?

GANGWAY, GANGWAY—LET US THROUGH, CAN'T YOU SEE SHE'S FAINTED?

THIS IS RIDICULOUS. NO EVIDENCE—I'LL APPEAL THE CASE!

IT'S NO USE—NOBODY'LL BELIEVE THAT MANDRAKE AND LOTHAR JUST VANISHED INTO THE AIR. OH, MANDRAKE—WHERE ARE YOU?

AT THE MOMENT, MANDRAKE IS A HUNDRED MILLION MILES AWAY—ON THE PLANET VENUS!

IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE YOU'D LIKE TO SEE—BEFORE WE TURN TO OTHER MATTERS?

YES, I'D LIKE ANOTHER LOOK AT YOUR AMAZING TELESCOPE.

AMAZING! CAN YOU ADJUST IT A BIT CLOSER? I MIGHT BE ABLE TO READ AN AMERICAN NEWSPAPER ALL THE WAY FROM VENUS!

WHAT'S—THAT?

Evening
NARDA GUILTY
MIXED JURY REACHES VERDICT

TO BE CONTINUED

TEENA *by Lilla Terry*



Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make
"ANGELA." — One-piece dress with a shapely silhouette styled with collar and cuffs in white pique. The material is a striped summer breeze cotton, with red, green, mid-brown, sage-blue, and pink stripes all printed on a white ground.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 65/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 69/6. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 42/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 44/9. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

"POLLY." — A button-front coat dress made in everglaze pique. The material is printed with a bean motif. The color choice includes white, pale grey, pastel blue, lemon, green, and pink.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 79/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 82/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 59/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 60/9. Postage and registration, 2/3 extra.



NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 32. Frocks may be inspected or obtained immediately at Fashion Patterns, 443 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

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with pepper.
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and serve hot.

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